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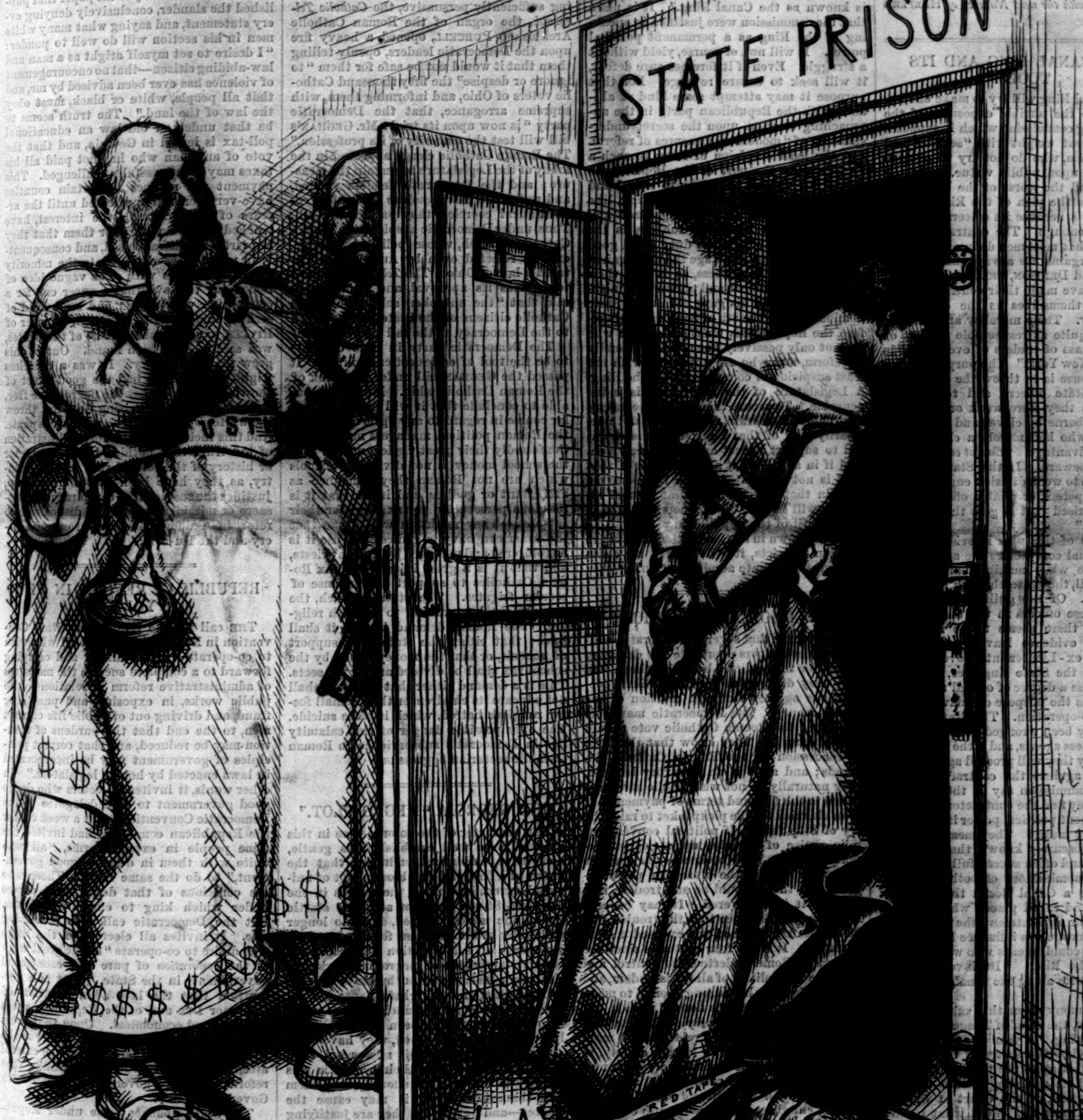
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, September 11, 1875.

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THE CANAL RING AND ITS TOOLS.

THE Canal Ring will try to make one answer to the terrible exposures of the investigating commission which it supposes will have great weight with "sensible and practical" men, who do not try to put too fine a point upon public virtue. "If the State has had the worst of the bargain in contracts," is the plea of the Ring and its friends, "it is because its officers have not been sharp enough. The contractors have only done what most men do in every transaction. Bargains are always diamond cut diamond, and Denison, Belden, Lord, and Company have made their contracts as favorable to themselves as the other side would allow. Their morality and conduct have been quite as respectable as that of the great mass of traders of every kind in the city of New York." The purpose of this kind of defense is to throw the chief guilt upon the State officers, and to make it appear that they were weak or dishonest agents, overborne by clever and sharp business men, who had merely a close eye to their own advantage. "*Caveat emptor.* Let the buyer beware. If the State confides her interests to weak division engineers and other incompetent or pliable officers, let it not be surprised that it gets the worst of the bargain."

The scope of this plea is evident. It is that the canal contractors are as honest as other people when making bargains, and that, after all, the State, through its officers, is to blame. Of the guilty complicity of many of these officers in the thefts of the contractors there seems to be no doubt. Their own evidence leaves no question. Even the ex-Lieutenant Governor, Mr. Beach, and the State Engineer, Mr. Richmond, confess a degree of official negligence which serves the purpose of knaves as well as active co-operation. The State has unquestionably been wronged both by corrupt and by careless agents, and if the authorities do their duty they will proceed against them as well as against the contractors. But when the commission say in their first report that they find the contractors to be the only permanent political power in the State, what do they mean? They mean what has been long obscurely known, that the Ring has always, and often successfully, sought to control the nominations of both parties, so as to secure a Canal Board that it could manage. And in all places, whether filled by election or appointment, the same omnipresent, unscrupulous influence has secured, wherever it could, agents who were dependent upon the Ring. "Its investments in men of all sorts along the canals were wonderful."

The testimony upon this subject of Mr. John Kelly, the chief of Tammany Hall, is very interesting. A year ago he explained in an interview the secret of the hostility of the Canal Ring to the nomination of Mr. Tilden, and its advocacy of that of Chief Justice Church, of the Court of Appeals. When Mr. Kelly was asked what interest "these men"—the Canal Ring—had in Judge Church, he answered:

> "The same interest that they have in Judge Allen. These men are known to belong to what is called the Canal Ring.... If what is said about them be true, it has been their policy to get control of a majority of the Canal Board for the purpose of enabling them to get hold of the contracts given out on the canals.... These have been always very friendly to Judge Church. They have added what power and strength they have had in this and other localities to the advancement of the interests of that gentleman. They have been of great assistance to him politically. The same interest, too, has sustained Judge Allen. I don't think it is generally known that Judge Church and Judge Allen are cousins."

This is the evidence of a man thoroughly familiar with the secret politics of his party, and it shows that the Canal Ring of contractors has hesitated at nothing that could secure its advantage. Not only has it controlled every mule-driver upon the canals, but it has sought to lay its spell upon the highest court of the State. It is the knowledge of this fact which has caused certain canal decisions of the Court of Appeals to be regarded with such curious attention; and it was doubtless the same knowledge which induced Governor Tilden to say in his Buffalo speech that the efficacy of the new laws to punish the frauds of public agents and officers, "*if faithfully administered by the courts,*" would soon be seen.

While the Canal Ring has thus had hopes of the judiciary, it has sometimes, according to the same excellent witness upon this subject, actually mastered the Executive. The last Democratic Governor of the State was John T. Hoffman, known as "Tweed's Governor," and of him Mr. John Kelly says: "I am informed that Governor Hoffman usually made his appointments to office on the recommendation of the defunct Tammany Ring, at the solicitation of what is known as the Canal Ring." It is plain that the commission were justified in speaking of the Ring as a permanent political power. It will not, of course, yield without a struggle. Even if it foresees sure defeat, it will seek to secure revenge. For that purpose it may attempt some kind of alliance with the Republican party in the approaching election, upon the secret understanding of "moderate" measures of reform. But the least suspicion of favor to such a project upon the part of the Republicans would justly doom the party to signal and ignominious defeat. The Canal Ring, like the Tweed Ring, like all organized and powerful bodies of public robbers, is the common enemy. It is the duty of all good citizens of the State to wage the war against it unsparingly to success, as it was their duty in 1871 to defeat and pursue to punishment Tweed and his gang. In their State nominations on the 8th of September, therefore, the Republicans must select men who are not only passively but actively friendly to reform, and who are untainted with the least suspicion of complicity with the Ring. A Legislature of the same kind is indispensable. To secure this it is not necessary to support Democrats, for they are not necessarily men of that kind; but it is essential to support honest and intelligent men. And if in any district a Republican of that kind is not nominated and a Democrat is, then in that district all honest men of all parties will support the Democrat. If that is the spirit of the Republican party of New York, as shown in its Convention, and in the election districts, it will justify its claim to control the State administration.

RELIGION AND POLITICS.

We observe that several Democratic leaders and newspapers deprecate the dragging of religion into politics, by which they mean that they disapprove the Republican declarations against sectarian division of the school money. The Democratic managers wish that the Roman Catholic vote should be Democratic. They know that the price is concession to the Roman Catholic demands; and as it is an unsavory bargain, they naturally do not wish public attention called to the fact and terms of payment. It is an old trick for the pickpocket to raise the cry of Stop thief. If political conventions take notice of assaults upon the public-school system, it is because such assaults are made; and if the attacking party regrets that there should be any trouble, it is because it is discovered. It may be consoled by the assurance that the trouble will be constantly watched and exposed until it is settled. It is not four centuries since the Church of Rome undertook to control and regulate the politics of all Christendom, and to-day, wherever it is strong enough to make political trouble, it does not fail to do it. It is the fundamental principle of Rome that it ought to direct every relation and manage every institution in human society, in virtue of being the immediate representative of Heaven upon earth. And as this is a claim which is contemptuously rejected by the enlightened common-sense of Christendom, what is called religion—that is, the intrigues of priestcraft—will be always "dragged into politics" wherever the ecclesiastical power sees a good opening.

How this has been done in the State of Connecticut we recently showed. In New York we are familiar with the effort. Its latest exhibition here was the proposition to support the Roman Catholic parochial schools with the public money; and in Ohio the proceedings in regard to the Geghan bill illustrate not only the spirit and political purpose of the Roman Church, but the means by which it seeks to accomplish that purpose. For in every case the blow at the American principle of the separation of church and state is struck by the hand of the Democratic party. The story of the Geghan bill is very simple, but it is very instructive. Last winter Mr. Geghan, a Democrat and a Roman Catholic, introduced a bill into the Ohio Legislature providing that every inmate of a jail or other public institution should have such religious attendance as he desired, and that "ample and equal facilities" for religious ministrations should be furnished to all. The bill was taken into the Democratic caucus, and as there was some delay, Mr. Geghan wrote a letter to the *Enquirer*, stating that it was "a Catholic measure," affecting "Catholics solely," because there was an unjust discrimination in such institutions against Roman Catholic clergymen. But no such obnoxious discrimination can be found in the laws of Ohio. In urging his claim Mr. Geghan declared that the Roman Catholics had "a prior claim upon the Democratic party," because two-thirds of it was composed of Roman Catholics, and if the Legislative majority hesitated, they should hear from their constituents. Mr. Geghan's letter not being sufficiently persuasive, the *Catholic Telegraph*, the organ of the Roman Catholic Archbishop Purcell, opened a heavy fire upon the Democratic leaders, openly telling them that it would not be safe for them "to ignore or despise" the fifty thousand Catholic voters of Ohio, and informing them, with supreme arrogance, that the Democratic party "is now upon its trial: Mr. Geghan's bill will test the sincerity of its profession." The Roman Catholic clergy appeared in the lobby of the Legislature to sustain the measure; and the Democratic leaders yielded, and under the most resolute and public ecclesiastical coercion they passed the bill. Thus, under Democratic auspices, the Roman Catholic Church, whose political interference is rejected even by Austria, has dictated a law of Ohio. The *Telegraph* deigned to express its approval, and immediately said that "the unbroken, solid vote of the Catholic citizens of the State will be given to the Democracy at the fall election."

The Democratic party in Ohio consents to be the tool of ecclesiastical politics. It passed the Geghan bill under the crack of the Roman Catholic whip. Is it unreasonable to conclude that it will pursue a similar course in regard to any "grievance" that the Roman political managers may plead? Confessedly their great "grievance" is that the school money is not divided. Schools which are not Roman they denounce as Protestant or godless, and insist that it is religious persecution to tax them for their support. They might as well argue that the American navy is godless because it is not officered and managed by Roman priests, and that it is a gross injustice to tax Roman Catholics to support the expense of secular frigates. The state, as such, the government, has nothing to do with religion. The Roman demand is that it shall have; that either the state shall support no schools, or that the money raised by the school tax shall be divided among the sects. This is a demand either that the state shall not educate its children, or that it shall foster religious hatred, which is state suicide. The only possible danger of this calamity lies in Democratic subservience to Roman Catholic sectarian aggressions.

THE GEORGIA "NEGRO PLOT."

The character of the colored race in this country is so well established as gentle, inoffensive, and much-enduring, that the report of a frightful and bloody plot of universal extermination of the whites in the Southern States does not seriously startle the public mind. Indeed, it is no longer politically profitable even for the bitterest opponents of emancipation and the most positive advocates of negro inferiority to cite every instance of outbreak or trouble as final proof of the frightful lapse toward barbarism due to enfranchisement. The negroes have not only been more inhumanly degraded and oppressed, they have been also more contemptuously mistrusted, than any class or race. Yet their history in this country is not such as should cause them any shame—whatever it may cause the whites—and day by day they are justifying the faith and hope of the few who have sought to do them justice, not from political but from moral reasons. While they were slaves, more wretched than any slaves save those of Dahomey, victims of a slavery more monstrous than any other, because maintained by a nation of such enormous pretension as the American, they were docile and harmless. When there were rumors and apprehensions of insurrection, the ghastly terrors were not in the fact, but in the consciences of the master class. They knew, with Jefferson, that God has no attribute that could take sides with the slave-holder, and hence the unspeakable dread when they thought that their victims were about to settle the long-accumulated arrears of vengeance. But there was never any serious insurrection; and even had John Brown succeeded in establishing himself in the Southern mountains, the slaves would not have gathered to his camp.

The late report of the Georgia insurrection was read with universal incredulity. No paper—not even those which ten years ago represented the massacre of the blacks at New Orleans as a negro riot—cared to parade head-lines of horror. There was general distrust that it was probably a political trick, and a profound conviction that if there was any foundation whatever for the rumor, the story as told was a gross exaggeration. There was also a very disagreeable feeling that, as such rumors and real or affected panics have always been improved by the whites for wholesale slaughter of the negroes, there might be similar consequences now. The Governor authorized the use of the local militia only. Mr. Rivers, a South Carolina colored politician, was mentioned in a newspaper as a leader in the conspiracy. But he wrote instantly to the paper that published the slander, conclusively denying every statement, and saying what many white men in his section will do well to ponder: "I desire to set myself aright as a man and law-abiding citizen—that no encouragement of violence has ever been advised by me, and that all people, white or black, must obey the law of the land." The truth seems to be that under an old law an educational poll-tax is levied in Georgia, and that the vote of any man who has not paid all his taxes may be successfully challenged. This payment the negroes in certain counties have very generally neglected until the arrears of the tax, with the interest, have reached a sum so large for them that they are virtually disfranchised, and consequently in many parts of the State the minority governs. It was with some vague idea of remedying this evil that a queer call for a convention was issued; and some kind of scrawl, purporting to be a call, by order of Rivers, to a general massacre of the whites, was said to have been found. Out of this grew the whole story. It was a causeless fright. But it has had the good effect of showing that now that the negroes are free, every rumor of their rising does not throw the white population into a murderous panic. And this incident is but another illustration of the truth that nothing in the character or history of the colored race in this country, as they have been heretofore known, justifies the suspicion of conspiracy for massacre or mischief, or the least disposition to retort in kind for the fearful wrongs of slavery and the Ku-Klux.

REPUBLICAN REFORM IN NEW YORK.

The call for the Democratic State Convention in New York includes all who wish to co-operate "in sustaining and carrying forward to a complete success the measures of administrative reform in relation to the public works, in exposing and punishing fraud, and driving out of public life corrupt men, to the end that the burdens of taxation may be reduced, and that correct principles of government may be incorporated in laws enacted by honest legislators." In other words, it invites all voters who desire good government to send delegates to the Democratic Convention. But a week earlier the Republican committee had invited the same people in express terms, "all who unite with them in desiring good government," to do the same thing. Those who are conscious of that desire must choose under which king to enroll themselves. But the Democratic call says something else. It invites all electors of the State who desire to co-operate "in the great work of the *restoration* of pure and economical government" in the State. That is a declaration that the late administration of Governor Dix and of the Republicans was not pure and economical. Upon that point a recent statement of the Comptroller to the Albany *Evening Journal* deserves the careful attention of every voter who thinks that reform and pure government began with Governor Tilden.

The State finances came under Republican control on the 1st of January, 1872. The amount of the Bounty Debt on that day, when the Tweed-Hoffman Democracy went out, was $21,144,000. To meet this there should have been in the Sinking Fund about $5,000,000. But the Democratic administration had diverted about $4,000,000 of this sum, and there was, therefore, a deficit of that amount. The amount of securities in the Sinking Fund was only $883,244 09, and the balance of the debt was consequently $20,260,755 91. This was the actual amount unprovided for on the 1st of January, 1872. The Republican administration bought in and absolutely canceled $6,051,500 of the Bounty Debt bonds, and made good the Sinking Fund, so that on the 6th of August, 1875, the balance of the debt above securities was but $6,207,055 91, showing a reduction of this debt since January 1, 1872, of $14,053,700. To meet the balance mentioned, there are uninvested amounts in the Treasury, the proceeds of tax not yet collected, interest upon the Sinking Fund investments, and premium on the Sinking Fund securities. These leave the balance of the payment unprovided for only $605,887 16, which will require a tax for the next fiscal year of only one-fourth or one-third of a mill, which will entirely relieve the State of all general indebtedness. And the tax for next year, owing to the results of Republican administration, may be reduced nearly one-half.

When, therefore, the party which elected the Tweed-Hoffman administration, Mr. Tilden being then chairman of its State Committee, invite the voters to join with it in "the great work of the *restoration* of a pure and economical government," the voters, when they are informed of these facts, will naturally smile. Ex-Governor Dix and Governor Tilden are both scholarly men. As the former read the speeches of the latter upon his late progress through the State, we can believe that he recalled the story in Plutarch of the two architects competing for a public building in Athens. One of them fascinated the people by his eloquent professions. The other said, simply, "Men of Athens, all that he promises I have performed."

OHIO.

The Democratic campaign of this year in Ohio is as humiliating to every honest American as its national campaign was in 1864. Then the party tried to carry the country by an appeal to fear, now by an appeal to prejudice. Then the Democratic cry was that the war was a failure, and the longer it continued, the worse it would be for the country. Now the cry in Ohio is that of the poor against the rich. Cary, the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, the chief Democratic orator, a merely mischievous political adventurer, daily addresses crowds of Ohio citizens, and tells them in effect that the people who supplied the money to carry on the war are tyrants and oppressors of the poor. The times are hard and labor is scarce, and Cary preaches to workmen out of employment that the cause of the trouble is the want of rag money, that a piece of paper, if printed by the government, is as good as gold, although every day the assertion is disproved, and that if the amount of paper dollars were indefinitely increased, there would be a universal revival of industry, workmen would have enormous wages, and happiness and plenty would abound.

Cary speaks to men who know that they want work, and who do not know the reason. They are men to whom the whole subject of finance is mysterious, who are used to paper money, and to whom the prospect of more of it is naturally the prospect of relief. It must be expected, therefore, that a very large vote will be polled for the rag-money candidates. The cause of the hard times is, of course, not unfamiliar to all intelligent persons. The excessive speculation consequent upon the irredeemable currency after the war was followed by a crash and a panic; and thus a general want of confidence has been produced which is fostered and continued by the doubt whether the currency will not be farther expanded and made still more irredeemable. There will be no better times until confidence is restored, and confidence can not be restored while there remains a prospect or a possibility of inflation. Cary and the Ohio Democrats, therefore, are merely striving to prolong the doubt and uncertainty from which the trouble springs. Could they have their way, and the country be flooded with rag money, there would be a wild whirlwind of speculative extravagance that would end in general ruin and repudiation. Not only would the national name be utterly disgraced, but universal disaster and misery would cover the land; and the Ohio workmen who now listen to Cary as to the poor man's friend would find, as the poor man has always found in every age and country, that he has no enemy so cold-hearted and cruel as the demagogue who fawns upon him and flatters him to secure a selfish purpose.

But the most serious aspect of the campaign in Ohio is not that such men as Allen and Cary appeal to the basest passions of ignorance, but that national Democratic leaders like Senator Thurman aid and abet the work. No man in the country knows better than Mr. Thurman the utter falsity and the peril of such talk as that of Cary and Allen. No man is more familiar with the warnings of history and the lessons of experience upon this subject. No man is more aware that there are laws of industry and of currency as fixed as those of any science, and that the policy advocated by the Democrats in Ohio is necessarily fraught with national calamity. Yet he sustains them. Leading Democrats all over the country sustain them. The Democratic press sustains them. All have but one excuse to offer, and they not only know it to be futile, but they know that every honest man in the country despises it. The excuse is that inflation is a national question, and that it is no matter what a State Convention may say upon the subject. This is Mr. Thurman's excuse. Yet Mr. Thurman's speech was entirely devoted to a discussion of national questions. For he knows, as we all know, that the election in Ohio is the first event in the national campaign.

Governor Tilden's course in New York to compel the canal thieves to restore their plunder, excellent as it is, can not divert the public mind from the startling significance of the Democratic position in Ohio. There, and not in New York, the real tendency of the party is revealed. In New York it is well known that there is a large Democratic hostility to the war upon the Canal Ring, the chief of the Ring being himself a Democrat. But in Ohio the very representative of the hard-money Democratic sentiment bows to the rag idol set up by Allen and Cary and the real managers of the party, while the grave, able, honorable, and patriotic tone of the Republican canvass recalls the great days of the Republican ascendency, and is the harbinger of their return.

A HISTORICAL QUESTION.

An allusion by Mr. Gladstone in the preface of the new edition of his Vatican pamphlets to the alleged Roman Catholic "toleration" in founding the colony of Maryland is worthy of attention in this Centennial season, when so many historical points are carefully explored. Mr. Gladstone quotes from a little pamphlet by E. D. N., first published as three letters in the *Daily Pioneer*, at St. Paul, Minnesota, which seems to be the latest and most careful study upon the subject. The Roman Catholic Bishop Gibbons, of Virginia, in replying to Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet, said, with extraordinary recklessness—indeed, with incredible recklessness, to any one who is familiar with history:

> "As to whether religious and civil liberty will suffer any detriment from the Catholic Church, we can appeal with confidence to the past, especially to the history of our own country. The same spirit still animates and always will animate the Catholic Church that dictated the memorable decree which was passed by the General Assembly of Catholics (Maryland) in 1649. 'No person whatsoever in this province professing to believe in Jesus Christ shall from henceforth be any ways troubled or molested for his or her religion, or in the free exercise thereof, or any way compelled to the belief or exercise of any other religion against his or her consent.'"

The Maryland colony was a commercial enterprise. The first settlers, sent out by a trading corporation, consisted of about twenty "gentlemen" and three hundred laboring-men, who were mostly Protestants. The two Councilors of the colony were of the Church of England, and the charter provided that no chapel should be dedicated in the colony except according to the laws of the Church of England. A Jesuit father, White, having converted many of the Protestants in the colony, the House of Commons complained to the king in 1641 of "another state moulded within this state." And Lord Baltimore wrote to White to remember that he and the priests had no more privileges in Maryland than in England; and in 1645, in consequence of the urgency of the friends of Roger Williams and others, Parliament ordered that the inhabitants of all the American plantations should enjoy liberty of conscience in God's worship. The Maryland act of 1649 grew out of the English statutes, and was passed under strong Puritan influence in Maryland. But even this "act of toleration" punished with death the denial of the Holy Trinity. And this act, which, as Mr. Gladstone says, was the echo of an earlier act of Parliament, was passed by the General Assembly of Maryland in 1649, which, instead of being, as Bishop Gibbons says, a Catholic Assembly, was Protestant. E. D. N., after searching the MS. records of Annapolis and all the published works upon Maryland, thinks it can be proved that in 1649 two-thirds of the Assembly were Protestant. The Governor was Protestant. There were nine Protestant Burgesses and six Councilors, and five Roman Catholic Burgesses and three Councilors. In the next year there were twice as many Protestants as Roman Catholics.

The "Toleration Act," as it is called, in Maryland, was the work of the Puritan Parliament in England, and Lord Baltimore himself speaks of the Maryland act of 1649 as the act of 1647, because it was a reproduction of the English statute.

PERSONAL.

Judge Martin Grover, of the Court of Appeals, who died at his home in Angelica on the 23d of August, was a man of superior natural abilities, a good lawyer, a good judge, and a good citizen. For thirty years past he was a power in Alleghany County, in Western New York, and to a certain extent in the politics of the State. He was a member of Congress from 1845 to 1847, and became quite a favorite from his simple, unconventional manner, his ready wit, and a certain rough eloquence which characterized him as a lawyer. After the close of his Congressional term he was elected a Judge of the Supreme Court for the Eighth Judicial District, and subsequently was elected to the Court of Appeals. By the practice of his profession, economy, and prudence in money matters he had acquired a fortune of about $100,000. It was one of his peculiarities that under no circumstances would he take more than seven per cent. interest. He was an upright and downright man, had no patience with shams of any sort, and was held in high esteem by those who were thrown most into his society.

—Mrs. Helen Stanbury, who died recently at Louisville, Kentucky, was one hundred years, seven months, and one day old. She outlived her husband thirty-eight years, had a brother in the battle of Waterloo, and another captured by pirates in the West Indies a century ago.

—The father of Miss Warner, author of the *Wide, Wide World*, died recently at their home on the Hudson, near West Point. Two clergymen were sent for to conduct the funeral services, but they failed to come. Miss Warner thereupon knelt down by the coffin and led the mourners in prayer.

—Count de St. Paul, of France, who is the owner, by inheritance from his grandfather, of large estates in Jefferson and Lewis counties, New York, has been making a visit to his property. During a stay recently at the Levis House, Carthage, he was serenaded by a local band, accompanied by a large crowd, and in response made a short address.

—Frederick P. Sawyer, for many years the "top-sawyer," or largest of the mail contractors of Texas, died a few days ago of heart-disease. At one time he controlled nearly every mail route in Texas and other Southwestern States, and was annually paid by the government more than $1,000,000. When the new law went into operation he lost many of his most valuable contracts, which greatly affected his health.

—The Rev. E. B. Andrews, of Beverly, Massachusetts, has been elected president of Denison University, Granville, Ohio, and will probably accept. He is a graduate of Brown University, and was an officer during the unpleasantness.

—Dr. Barnabas Binney, who was graduated from Brown University in 1774, his son, the late Horace Binney, who was graduated from Harvard in 1797, and his grandson, who was graduated from Yale, all received the valedictory honors. "This," says the Providence *Journal*, "is probably an instance unparalleled. The nearest approach to it within our knowledge is that of the late Robert H. Ives, who graduated at Brown University with the highest honors of his class, as did also his son-in-law, William Gammell, and his grandson, Robert Ives Gammell."

—The Eliot people are to have their *fête*. The descendants of the famous Indian missionary of that name will hold a family meeting at Guilford, Connecticut, on the 15th of September. Henry H. Eliot, of Boston, and President Eliot, of Harvard College, are among his direct descendants.

—The Rev. Dr. Caswell, ex-president of Brown University, was among the guests who dined with President Grant on his late visit to General Burnside. Dr. Caswell said he had dined with Jefferson at Monticello and with Madison at Montpelier.

—Mr. Gladstone, in thanking a German author for the dedication of his work, writes: "Germany now holds the first place on behalf of the world in asserting the necessity of limiting the spiritual powers to spiritual things."

—Frank Viele Griffin, of New York, recently carried off ten prizes, including three of honor and excellence, at the musical college of St. Marie, Paris.

—Dean Stanley has given another shock to the extreme Churchmen of England by announcing that he will soon place, at his own expense, a memorial of John and Charles Wesley in Westminster Abbey.

—Lord Houghton, better known, perhaps, under his earlier name of Monckton Milnes, arrived at Quebec a few days since, and, after making the tour of Canada, will cross the line into the land of republican government and thought, and see and hear every thing worth seeing and hearing to an English gentleman. Certainly no British nobleman could come among us and receive a heartier welcome than Lord H.

—Mr. Edmund Yates, in the London *World*, has the following personal allusions to a gentleman whose name is at the very finger-tips of hundreds of thousands of industrious souls, the world over, who use the sewing-machine:

> "They are all talking in the West of England about the extraordinary funeral of Mr. Singer, the American sewing-machine maker, at Torquay the other day. The hearse, by the last instructions of the deceased, had its side panels taken out, and the coffin, covered with flowers and immortelles, was visible to all. Such a sight is common enough on the Continent, where they don't use hearses, but rare in England.
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> "The late Mr. Singer was as eccentric in life as in death. He actually tried driving six horses—three abreast—in the Devonshire lanes; but as the outside wheelers and leaders used to get pushed up into the adjoining fields, he abandoned the practice, and contented himself by dressing each of his five men-servants in a different livery."

—Just after ex-President Johnson's trial by the United States Senate he said to a friend who was congratulating him on his narrow escape: "Yes, and when I die I want to be buried quietly, and hope the same wretched set of scribblers who have just been writing me down on impeachment won't be allowed to write up the funeral."

—Mrs. Lincoln is said to have so far recovered from her mental troubles as to be permitted to leave the Bellevue Asylum, and go to the home of her sister, Mrs. Edwards.

—Prince Starhemberg, one of the ablest members of the Austrian Parliament, and one of the oldest and most opulent of its nobility, has been making a brief tour through the Northern portions of the United States. He is a direct descendant of Prince Reindinger von Starhemberg, who defended Vienna against the Turks. Prince Starhemberg has lately been the guest of Mr. Theodore A. Havemeyer, the Austrian consul-general, whose liberal and refined hospitalities are so well known and appreciated by foreign gentlemen, especially by those who are in public life abroad.

—The Secretary of War has acted very promptly in meting out justice to the cadets who made an unsuccessful experiment to "haze" Cadet Irwin. Cadet Scriven, one of the hazers, has been publicly dismissed by order of the Secretary. It was he who was so severely wounded by Irwin. Another young warrior, Cadet Captain Borup, is expected to follow Mr. Scriven into the peaceful pursuits of civil life.

—There has been a fête day among the Bancrofts. The descendants of Lieutenant Joseph Bancroft, who was born in 1735, reunited on the 19th of July at Reading, Massachusetts. Lieutenant Bancroft was a near relative of Rev. Aaron Bancroft, who was born in Reading, and was father of Mr. Bancroft the historian, and quite a man in his day.

—"Love laughs at locksmiths." So does the burglar. Mr. Chubb, the famous English lockmaker, has lately written a book in which he admits that no locks can resist the efforts of accomplished thieves, and extols the small terrier dog with a sharp bark as the best possible protector against burglars.

—Professor R. E. Rogers, of Pennsylvania, is visiting the West with Dr. Linderman. They are preparing a report on the great bonanza and the geology of the Comstock lode, to be published next winter.

—Colonel Forney writes that the first sleeping carriage he saw in Europe was on his journey from Berlin to Frankfort-on-the-Main. It is owned by an American, Colonel Mann, proprietor of the Mobile (Alabama) *Register*.

—By the *Life of the Duke of Brunswick*, just published in Paris, it appears that an agent sent by him visited Louis Napoleon in the prison of Ham in 1847, and gave to the prince 800,000 francs, or $160,000, with which he bribed his jailers and secured his freedom. The condition was that the prince should sign a treaty with the duke, of which the first article ran thus: "We promise and swear on our honor and the Holy Scriptures, on one part, to re-establish the Duke of Brunswick in his duchy, and if possible to unite Germany as one nationality; on the other part, to assist the Prince Napoleon in his design to restore to France her national sovereignty."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Hon. George D. Lord, ex-member of the New York State Assembly, was arrested at Rochester, August 26, on a warrant from the Supreme Court, charging him with bribery and corruption in connection with the canal frauds. He gave bail in $15,000 to answer.

The Bank of California suspended payments August 26, with liabilities estimated at $2,500,000. The president, William C. Ralston, drowned himself the day after the failure.

A riot occurred at New Hope Church, Mississippi, August 24, in which eight negroes were killed and several wounded. A quarrel between a white man and a negro about beating a drum was the cause of the fatal outbreak.

One hundred thousand money-order blanks have been stolen from the Post-office in Washington, D. C.

The Mississippi Republican State Convention was held at Jackson August 25. George M. Buchanan was nominated for State Treasurer.

Frosts are reported from several points in Minnesota, Illinois, and Iowa, destroying corn and other unripe crops.

The American rifle team had an enthusiastic public reception in this city August 23. The City Hall was gayly decked in bunting, and, despite the rain, crowds of people assembled in the adjacent park to see the heroes and give them a rousing welcome. Mayor Wickham greeted the riflemen with a handsome speech, in which he congratulated them on their great achievements abroad. After replies by the members of the team there was a military procession, and in the evening a brilliant reception at Gilmore's Garden.

The Canadian steamer *Manitoba* came into collision with the propeller *Comet* above White Fish Point, on Lake Superior, August 26, and sunk her immediately. Eleven of the crew of the latter were drowned.

FOREIGN NEWS.

One of the greatest swimming feats on record was accomplished, August 25, by Captain Webb, who swam across the English Channel, from Dover to Calais, in twenty-one hours and forty minutes.

A special dispatch to the London *Daily News* from Rome says that the Pope has invited Archbishop Ledochowski to Rome on the expiration of his term of imprisonment, in February next, to be made a cardinal.

The Russian General Kaufmann has replied to the Khokan rebels, agreeing to acknowledge the new Khan if Russia be indemnified for losses by the insurrection, and the treaties between the Russian government and the late Khan be accepted and observed by the new one. The insurgents have surrounded the city of Khojend and cut off communications.

Commodore James G. Goodenough, commanding the British squadron in Australian waters, was shot and killed with poisoned arrows, August 12, by the savages of Santa Cruz Island. Seven others on the ship were also shot, two of whom died.

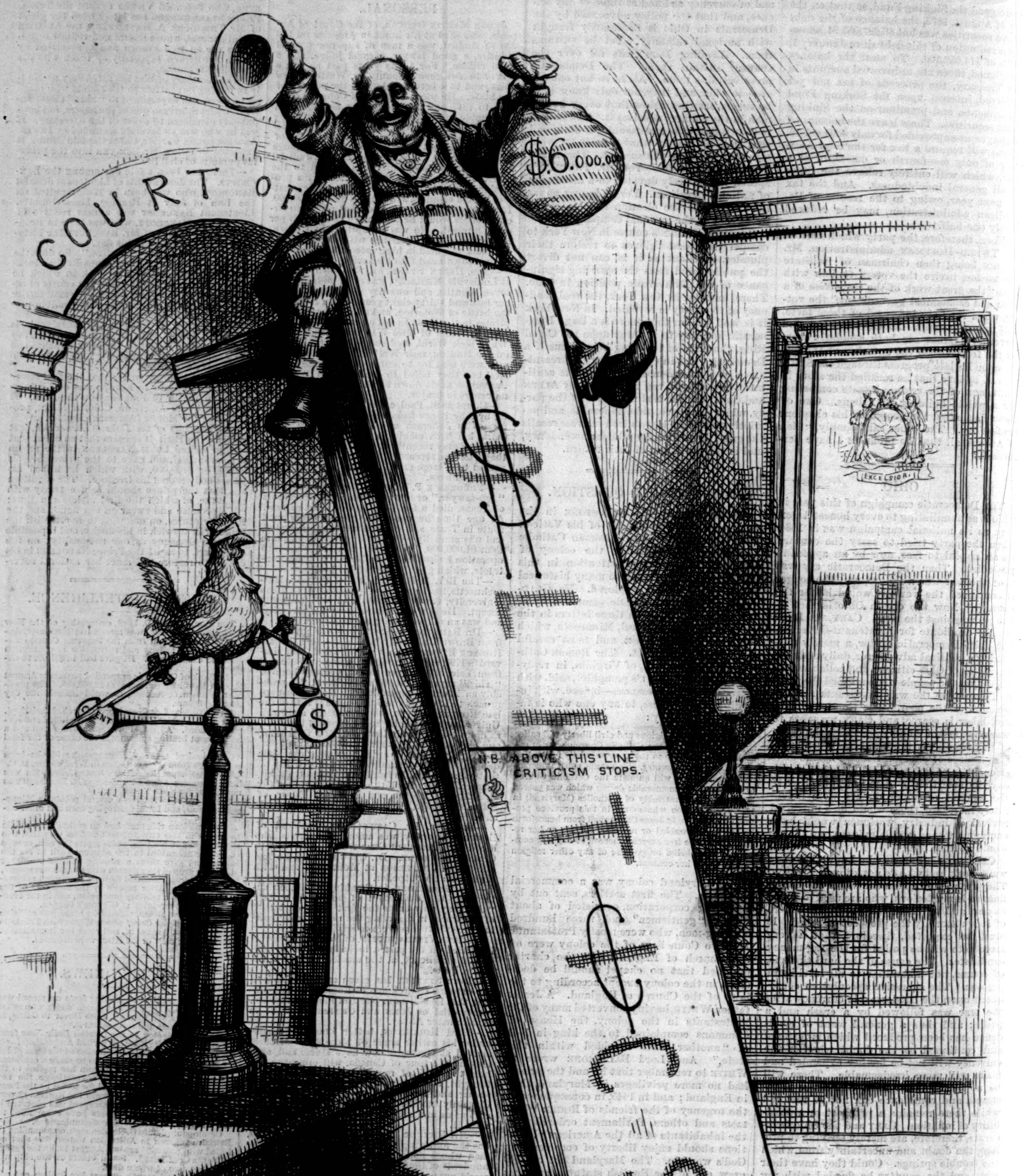
The foot and mouth disease has broken out with great virulence among English cattle in Dorsetshire, where 12,000 animals are reported sick. The distemper is spreading rapidly to other portions of the country.

The Carlists holding the citadel of Seo de Urgel hoisted a flag of truce, August 24, and proposed to surrender the fortress if the garrison and the Bishop of Seo de Urgel were allowed to depart freely. General Martinez Campos rejected the proposition, and granted twenty-four hours to consider his demand for an unconditional surrender. At the end of the appointed time the Carlists capitulated, and the royal troops entered the captured city.

The troubles in Herzegovina are growing more serious. The popular feeling in the province of Servia is so strong in favor of the insurgents that it is feared the government will experience great difficulty in preventing a conflict. The occupation of Servia by the Turkish army is therefore expected. A special dispatch to the London *Times* from Berlin says the European powers have been unable to induce the Sultan of Turkey to suspend hostilities against the insurgents pending their mediation. This refusal, however, is a matter of indifference, as the Turkish reinforcements have been unable to penetrate the mountain defiles. Telegrams to the effect that the Turks had so succeeded were premature.

President Garcia Moreno, of Ecuador, was assassinated in his palace at Quito August 6. The murderers escaped.

The State of Panama has joined with Bolivar in a revolution against the government of the United States of Colombia. United States vessels are held in readiness to proceed to the Isthmus, if necessary, for the protection of American interests there.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"THE UPRIGHT BENCH," WHICH IS ABOVE CRITICISM.

ARMINIUS, THE LIBERATOR OF GERMANY.

NEARLY nineteen hundred years ago, while the great founder of Christianity was yet in His boyhood among men, was fought, in the Thuringian forest of Germany, one of the most important and decisive battles of all history. The hero of the fight was **ARMINIUS** (sometimes called **HERMANN**), Prince of the Cherusci, who there gathered all the German tribes in one great army for the first time, and hurled back the hitherto invincible legions of Rome that threatened to overrun the land and subdue its inhabitants. Already the invader had secured a foot-hold on the German soil, and sought to introduce among Germanic peoples not only Roman law, but Roman customs and language as well. **ARMINIUS** had been educated in the arts of war as well as of peace in the Imperial City. Learning the designs of Rome, he returned to his native country, and became at once the active champion of his people against their southern foe. He went from tribe to tribe, organizing resistance and instituting a league offensive and defensive among the various tribes. Soon an army was formed which successfully contended against the flower of the Roman legions, fifty thousand strong, and routed it in the Teutoburger Forest, killing or capturing nearly all the Roman soldiers before they were able to retreat across the Rhine. It was a hand-to-hand fight, lasting three days, and in the end not a centurion's command was left together, and not a single eagle remained to be returned to Rome, to which but few straggled back to tell the story of the slaughter. So humiliating was the defeat to the Roman leader, **VARUS**, that he preferred death to facing the Emperor **AUGUSTUS**, and so he killed himself on the field of battle. Thus became **ARMINIUS** at once the liberator and the type of German unity.

The heroic deeds of the mighty chieftain have been fittingly commemorated in the erection of a colossal monument on the pine-clad Grotenburg. This lofty site was chosen because it commands an extensive sweep of country, and overlooks a great portion of the debatable ground to which tradition and research alike point as the probable scene of the overthrow of the Roman power. **ERNST VON BANDEL**, the designer of the pile, made this great work the dream of his early life; in the year 1838 he began to lay the foundations of the monument. It took him just thirty-seven years to complete it, and cost in round numbers 90,000 thalers. It consists, in the first place, of a massive sandstone substructure, which, seen from a short distance, appears to be quite round, but which is in reality an icosahedron, or figure with twenty sides. It is of Gothic construction, and surmounted by a semicircular dome, supported by ten stout pillars. Upon the dome lies a shallow base, or flat stone slab, so to speak, for the reception of the figure, which is composed of two hundred pieces of copper, firmly riveted or screwed together, and weighing in all eleven tons seventeen hundred-weight. Each separate piece was beaten into shape by **BANDEL** himself, to use his own downright words, "with hammer and tongs, with fire and elbow-grease." A complicated arrangement of iron bars and tubes in the inside of the figure is intended to guard against the accidents of wind and weather, with regard to which serious misgivings had been expressed during the progress of the work.

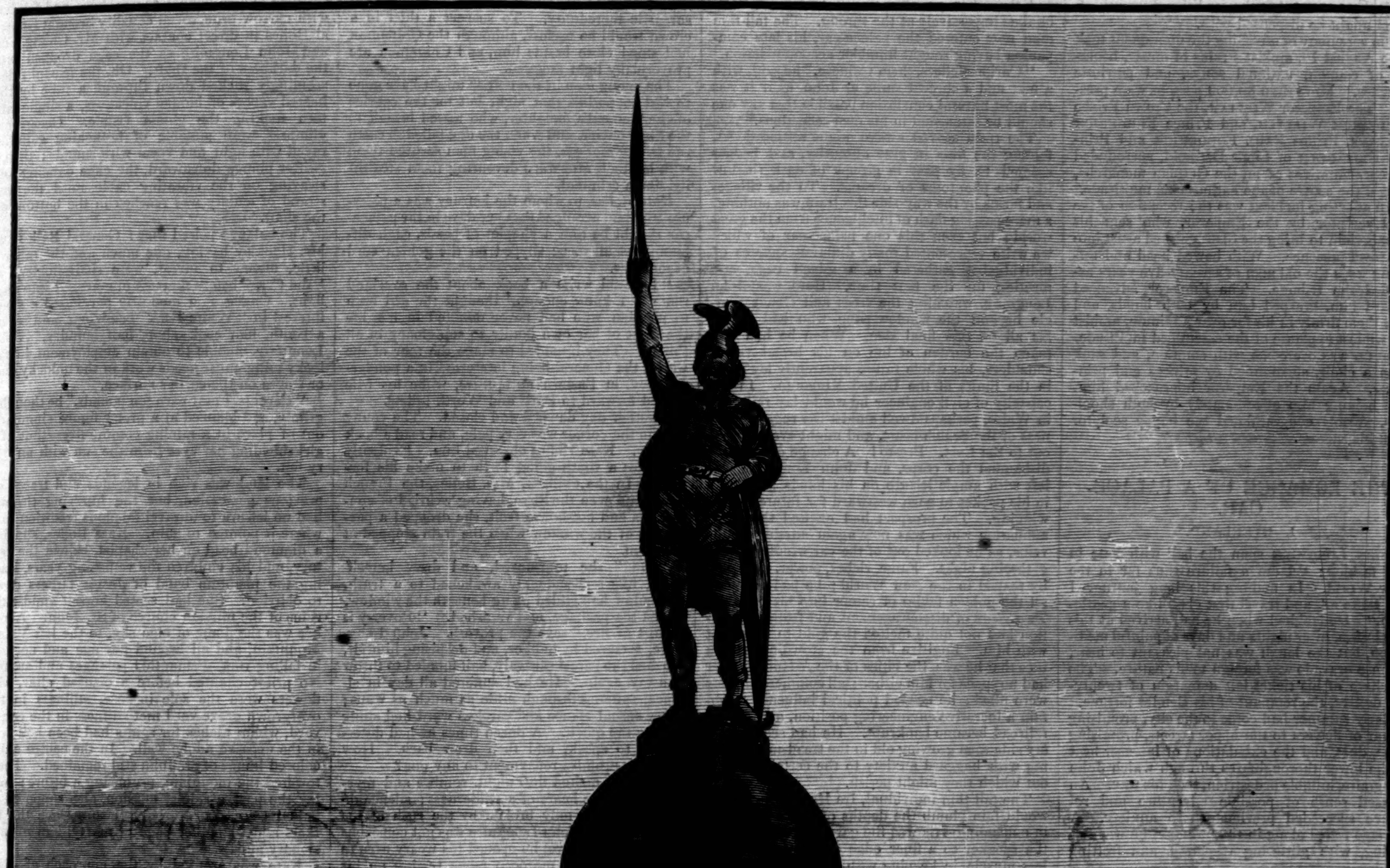
The figure represents **HERMANN** in the costume of an old Teutonic warrior—a short sleeveless tunic edged with fur, tight leather leggings, and lace boots, also trimmed with fur. A short cloak hangs over the left shoulder, and a winged helmet forms the head-dress. The left hand grasps the rim of an oval shield, upon which the figure slightly leans. The right, raised high in air, holds a long sword, upon the blade of which are engraved the following lines, one upon each surface:

> "Deutsche Einigkeit meine Stärke;
> Meine Stärke Deutschlands Macht."

(German unity my strength; my strength Germany's might.)

The sword is an important part in the general symbolism of the statue, which, in the words of the artist, portrays the drawing and raising of the sword of united Germany against the foreign oppressor.

The height of the stone substructure is ninety-three feet; that of the slab on which the figure stands, five feet. The figure itself is fifty-five feet high from the feet to the top of the helmet, and to the point of the uplifted sword eighty-five feet. The entire height of the monument is therefore one hundred and eighty-three feet, and



THE HERMANN MONUMENT ON THE GROTENBURG.

the cost is reckoned at 270,000 imperial marks, or £13,500.

The interior is decorated with names, dates, and inscriptions. The victories of the last French war of course command a prominent place, and among the portraits is that of the Emperor, who, by-the-way, has so strong an objection to the employment of his effigy on public monuments that he absolutely refused to figure in Werner's allegorical picture which is now about to take its place in the Victory Column at Berlin; and although he consented to appear in the form of a modest profile in the Hermann memorial on the Grotenburg, the consent was accompanied by a particular request that the traditional wreath of laurel might be dispensed with.

The ceremony of unveiling the monument took place August 16, amidst strains of music, booming of cannon, national songs, and patriotic speeches. More than 30,000 persons were present. The Emperor William, the Crown Prince Frederick William, and Prince Frederick Charles, Prince Paul Frederick and Princess Elizabeth of Lippe-Detmold, surrounded by representatives of all the German monarchs, formed the centre of the enthusiastic multitude.

An affecting incident was the reception of the aged sculptor by the Emperor, who sent his chamberlain to bring the distinguished artist into the royal presence. With bowed head and tottering steps the old man of seventy-five years ascended the tribune. The Emperor advanced toward him, grasped him by both hands, and held them firmly in his for over a minute, amidst the wildest applause of the assembled multitude. Bandel was overcome with emotion, and sank upon a chair, surrounded by princes and princesses. Again the Emperor approached him, and, holding him affectionately by both shoulders, warmly congratulated the happy sculptor upon his success.

THE ROMANCE OF A PALACE-CAR.

I.—OVERLAND.

John Longmire spun the ball with Fate in this fashion: "I am a failure thus far in the New World. In making this long journey I will stake all, and travel first class like a gentleman." He laughed when he had arrived at this conclusion, after nights and days of painful meditation, but the laugh was not pleasant to hear, because bravado was foreign to his nature. The purchase of his ticket left a margin of twenty-five dollars, the remnant of his slender fortune.

Early summer had come to the city, promising bloom of flowers to the upper streets, promising noise, dust, and the exhalations of intenser heat in the lower thoroughfares through which John Longmire, humble pedestrian, took his way. An amused sense of possible adventure and romance succeeded previous sharp anxiety. A carriage rolled along in the direction he was following, with glittering trappings and fretting steeds.

"That is the sort of equipage my wife shall have," thought the young man, glancing at the interior, where the satin cushions were scarcely visible, because of India shawls and traveling-bags, not to mention a young lady in elaborate toilet.

Just as the vehicle came abreast of our pedestrian a Skye terrier struggled toward the window, a plump hand, delicately gloved, caught the victim, and a massive gold bracelet rolled at the feet of John Longmire. To rescue the trinket from crushing wheels, and restore it to a stout lady, as the carriage paused, was the work of an instant, and would have passed from remembrance, among other trivial occurrences, but for two distinct impressions produced. The stout lady stared, bowed affably, and prepared to offer him money; the girl enthroned among the shawls on the opposite seat checked her with the warning, "Mamma, he is a gentleman."

John Longmire went on rapidly, the color burning in his cheek, while in his heart dawned a first sweet impulse of gratitude toward the daughter for recognizing him at his true value. Perhaps his coat was shabby, placing him on that indefinable boundary which is but a step above vagabondage, and he had learned already, from sad experience, that if a millionaire may indulge in the eccentricity of rusty habiliments, it is vital to the poor man that his wardrobe appears to lack nothing. A French maid, holding the Skye, had glanced at him with a scarcely perceptible mockery in her black eyes, as if the proximity of the stout lady alone prevented her from shrugging her shoulders with a "You see how it is."

A last glance at the city, and our traveler stepped on board a ferry-boat, and stood on the deck watching the blue waters of the bay, flushed to crimson by the sunset and the funnels of steam-ships, the lace-work of masts and spars, all suggestive of the other side of the water. The carriage had rolled on board the ferry-boat; the young man, leaning against the bulwark and taking a last farewell of ocean, did not observe it.

"There was no room for me at home," he reflected, a mist in his eyes, perhaps from the dazzle of the waters, and recognizing himself, in the sternest sense, one of the fugitive birds cast out of the nest from overcrowding.

After that momentary pang of homesickness he turned his face resolutely toward the West. The party of the carriage were already established amidst the bustle of departure. Why did a blonde young man hasten along the platform with a bouquet of rare exotics for the daughter? Why did she turn a shade paler and cling to his arm, while the stout lady applied a lace pocket-handkerchief to her own eyes, and even papa, a stiff old gentleman with a military bearing, looked grave? John Longmire observed these things from his corner with vague curiosity. He would like to know more about this girl who understood him, even though social position sundered them by an impassable abyss. The blonde young man was her accepted lover, evidently, and the separation would be a painful one. Well! Nobody watched the train bear John Longmire away with a smile or a tear. He was a stranger among strangers, and his departure made no difference to a soul on this whole American continent.

Among the throng in the dépôt he had noticed two persons in conversation; one a tall thin man, with nervous energy betrayed in every motion, and the other an olive-tinged Chinaman, who blinked impassively at the throng. The tall thin man now entered the palace-car, his late companion having sought humbler accommodation.

"Curious fellers, them Chinese," he said, with a nod and a shrewd smile at John, as if it was the most natural conclusion possible that any one should be interested in his own reflections.

The train moved away; night settled down, folding the hills in gray obscurity, and hedges seemed to fly past in groups of dark shadow like the phantoms of dreams. To the villages and farms by the way-side this train was nothing, a mere passing flash of intelligence from the great world; but even this one palace-car of which we write represented many different spheres of individuality gathered in a gilded cage, and meeting for the first time. Here was John Longmire, watching the trees and clouds mingle beyond the window-pane, who had staked his all on this final step. When he had first taken the burden of life on his broad young shoulders, his whole future apparently lay within the limits of the United Kingdom. In his capacity of civil engineer he would lay railroads in Wales, perhaps dwell amidst the rugged wildness of the Scotch coast, and might even be sent out to the East. Presto! A change of ministry disbanded the corps, and John Longmire was left with ample leisure on his hands and £200 in his pocket to gaze westward for future bread-winning. The prospect had excited the same animation which was now again stirring in his veins, as he looked out of the car window at the gathering night. Fame, riches, power, were easily reaped in the New World; he had gathered all the golden fables of rumor into his crucible. Two years of discouragement and fruitless exertion had not quite melted the gold to dross yet with him. Fugitive from the crowding human race that he was, the cities of the Atlantic border had no space for him either; all commercial posts were filled; he needed political influence to obtain a lucrative engineering position, and then a railroad became bankrupt. He had seen on every side men growing old in the tread-mill, clinging with haggard anxiety to the certainty without which they might perish.

The tall thin individual, Ira Hackley by name, would fain plumb the depths of English reserve in our hero. His was the garrulity which wears the speaker to a finer edge of nerve and fleshless muscle, in keeping with small eyes, restless and penetrating, surrounded with a net-work of fine wrinkles, hair already gray at the temples, and eager gesticulation of long bony fingers—a garrulity never to be confounded with the measured utterance and interminable discourse of the stout, urbane conversationalist. He had not journeyed a hundred miles before he had sketched his own misfortunes in jerky sentences to this quiet listener, and with great apparent *sang froid*. All his life he had toiled to gain proprietorship of a cotton mill in his native town, and just when he had attained this position the dam had burst, ruining him in a swift rush of destruction.

"That tied me, the mill did, and now I am free to try mining. Where are you going, Sir?"—with abrupt change of tone and scant ceremony.

"I do not know," said John Longmire.

"Then try your luck in 'White Peak' or 'the Crag,'" said Mr. Hackley, promptly.

The stout lady, who spoke French constantly, and the maid had withdrawn to one of those compartments which resemble luxurious boudoirs, paneled with mirrors, rich with gilt and polished woods. The daughter followed slowly, glancing at John Longmire as a fashionable young lady may glance at a handsome young man with well-cut features, clear blue eyes, and brown hair characteristic in the wave with which it swept back from a square forehead. The girl was very pretty, absurdly pretty, John had reasoned; petite and dainty, a brunette with rich glow coming and going beneath the amber-hued cheek, and lips curved like those of a child. This prettiness was enhanced by the blended colors of her dress, which resembled the sheen of burnished plumage; audaciously extravagant in richness of texture; in glittering buttons, chains, and pendants; in diamond ear-drops. When the large dark eyes were turned full upon him, as at this moment, he discovered something more than the rays of laughter and coquetry—a latent force, intangible and inactive, which belied mere surface beauty.

Mr. Ira Hackley, representing perpetual motion, began some preliminary skirmishing with the father, who, deserted by his family, read a newspaper in the saloon. The overture was received with frigid politeness, the old gentleman glancing over the rim of newspaper with an expression not to be misunderstood. Mr. Hackley, undismayed, simply changed his weapon, and attacked a good-natured German further on.

The train sped along through day and night. John Longmire was yielding to the influence of Mr. Hackley's unwearied vivacity, unless the change was attributable to undue interest in the "great people," as he termed them in his own mind. Mr. Hackley knew who they were in a trice.

"General Bolles, of the Regular Army, Sir. The daughter seems to be a pretty gal, and the mother— Well, I'm a plain man myself, Sir." The speaker winked in a fashion that made the other desirous to escape from his company for fear the young lady should also see the wink.

At Denver City John made a disagreeable discovery. After rambling about in the crowd, in the delight of liberating cramped limbs, he found that he had been robbed of his remnant of money. Horrible mockery of circumstance! Here he was seated in a palace-car in motion, with a long journey before him, and not a shilling wherewith to purchase food. To whom could he tell his story? Who would believe him if he did speak? He would rather starve than encounter the frigid glance of the General, in which one might read sarcastic incredulity. To suspect a thief in a crowd would be useless, although the Chinaman had stood close beside him, and Chinamen are proverbially light-fingered.

The young man in the corner might have gone to bed supperless that night but for the caprice of the General's daughter, who tossed biscuit to the Skye terrier, and when the dog failed to catch the falling morsels, the young man secured them with his foot, afterward devouring them stealthily, like a criminal.

Kate Bolles, to whom the journey was a pleasure trip, had arranged that her days in the palace-car should be like a chaplet of beads, each different, yet all to be slipped on the golden cord of memory.

"I would write a book about the overland route if I knew enough," thought the girl born to position, who had never doubted in her life the right of her own family to supremacy in all things. They intended to make the tour of the world, the General being interested, in a ponderous way, in Eastern antiquities, while his wife looked forward to Paris and Worth toilets.

Another day dawned and closed. The young man in the corner was very pale, and read a book silently. Kate Bolles observed him. Evidently here was a youth going forth to make his fortune. In the twilight, Mrs. Bolles, the French maid, and even the Skye, having wearied of confections and hot-house fruit, she dropped a parcel out of the window when the train stopped at a station.

"Oh!" she murmured, and drew herself erect, like one suddenly awakened to a truth. A shadow had glided along beneath the window, seized the package, and vanished. "Poverty is a shirt of fire," says the proverb. John Longmire, tortured by hunger, and despising himself, crushed the parcel savagely, half minded to throw it away again. He had suffered all day in silence, suffered through pride as much as want; every casual glance and careless word had stung him to the quick. A dozen times he had determined to speak, and then drew back. How could he promise repayment to any one?

Twilight melted into night, sombre and mysterious, in the heart of a wilderness; silence of hill and valley only broken by the rush of the passing train. John Longmire was not conscious of having dozed, yet he opened his weary eyes to discover a small morocco purse resting on his sleeve. The purse contained fifty dollars. Next day John looked radiant gratitude at his good angel. He was sure the purse came from her. Miss Bolles returned the glance in haughty surprise, drooped her eyelids, and yawned slightly behind her hand. Forests of pine and balsam were succeeding vast plains of sage and wormwood; narrow cañons, where the waters leaped forth from nooks still sacred to the shy wild creatures, replaced belts of azure flowers and the ocean of grass with shadow-dimpled surface. Onward, through miles and leagues, and in advance mountains inaccessible and severe, disdaining the screen of silvery mist, every rift and scar of tempest visible in the pure atmosphere, and opening a vista of gorges, crags, and ledges as the shrill steam-whistle echoed from peak to peak. Kate counted her days as a silver bead, then gold, pearl, amethyst, and sapphire. John studied her, while his own thoughts flew faster than the car. In the mean while Mr. Ira Hackley might be likened to a nerve current, uniting the whole train, so much of his own enthusiasm had he infused into his companions. He was on the platform, on the engine, mingling with lower-class passengers freely, and every where his influence became magnetic despite scoffs and ridicule. Was he a speculator, one of those agents who strew gold about the mine they wish to raise? Had he become infected himself with a fever for gain which he could not resist imparting to others? Certain it is that before the long shed tunnels were reached John Longmire reflected,

"I will go to Valma Mountain."

General Bolles, lately so frigid to intrusive Ira Hackley, also remarked,

"We will first visit Valma Mountain, my dears."

Mrs. Bolles looked surprised; Kate pouted.

"I can not wait to see the Yosemite, papa."

II.—THE SILVER GNOMES.

A mountain detached from the chain sweeping away to the north, its summit crowned with snow, redwood and pine skirting the steep sides, and below a valley threaded by rivulets and blooming with thickets of glossy-leaved trees and hedges of wild flowers, all mingling their aromatic perfumes in the hot sunshine—such was Valma Mountain; and the very breeze, wandering innocently among the flowers, seemed to whisper of some fresh intelligence, for the hill had not held its treasure so closely through the ages but that man now bled its veins of silver ore. There was the mine known as "the Crag;" here, "White Peak." Which to choose? Unfortunately there was no choice possible. The rich man had cast in his lot with "the Crag;" the poor man might pick up a little in "White Peak," if he was not discouraged at the outset by the fact that it had been twice worked a trifle, and abandoned because of an ugly reputation gone abroad that porphyry, not as a "pony," but as "the horse," was rampant at every turn in the unsuccessful mine.

Mr. Ira Hackley paused to contemplate in "the Crag" the Mecca of his pilgrimage. His excitement amounted to delirium. Shares were selling like wild-fire on California Street, San Francisco, and presumably in Chicago and New York. No time was to be lost. He led the way to a spacious building on the ledge which resembled a factory, with smoke-stacks projecting from the roof of one building and steam escaping from pipes elsewhere. Once invested in the mining costume of blue flannel, coarse shoes, and felt hat with narrow brim, social equality brought General Bolles in direct contact with Mr. Chang Foo and John Longmire as the cage dropped into the darkness of the shaft. Oh, the fearful ride! seemingly sucked down through a tube by the heated vapors of hidden volcanoes, a single lantern making the gloom visible. Occasional glimpses were possible of branching galleries rayed with light and vocal with sounds; then a swifter plunge downward, the cage dancing and swaying on the vibrating cable, until the last strand of tenuity was reached in the bottom of the shaft.

The balance poised thus: General Bolles and Mr. Hackley having, one much and the other a little, money to invest, were share-holders in "the Crag" before they again emerged into daylight. Chang Foo modestly purchased a small interest in "White Peak" below par, and set up a booth, half cook-shop, half laundry. John Longmire, unable to obtain employment in the lucky mine, must needs work in the unlucky one, or starve on the earth's surface.

"Perhaps I may earn ten pounds," he thought, grimly, and glanced at a pretty figure singularly out of place in a mining community—that of a girl shielding her eyes from the sun with an ivory fan.

The land was rich in legends and traces of previous possession, but the hurrying throngs had no leisure to unravel fabulous tradition save where it pointed to gain. Kate Bolles, slipping a diamond bead on her chaplet, beheld the century, and his children the vanishing years, leading the phantom band of Jesuit fathers down to oblivion. She had seated herself amidst the ruins of the mission church of St. John. Above her was the dome of blue sky, to the left Valma Mountain, and all around her age and neglect, in falling roof, dismantled passages and arches. No priest chanted before a disused altar, wild flowers were the sole incense, stillness in the overgrown grave-yard met stillness in the court-yard, where niches for saints had been hollowed in the massive adobe wall. In the centre a discolored image of St. John still remained. There towered the mountain, promising a future; here lay the past, a ruined mission, also supposed to hold its secret of buried treasure since the fathers added another page of martyrdom to missionary annals.

Kate was aroused by the approach of John Longmire, who came toward her swiftly, as if under the influence of strong emotion.

"You leave to-morrow?"

"Yes," with slight reserve.

"Pardon my presumption, Miss Bolles, but I may surely know your future address," he implored.

She had moved away from him, and stood before the statue of St. John.

"I have no address at present; we are going round the world," she said, gently.

John Longmire's blue eyes flashed.

"I am a gentleman, and owe a debt," he said, firmly.

Kate inclined her head toward him archly, with a smile revealing snowy teeth.

"Pay your debts when this church yields its secret. You must know the story," and tripped away.

The voice of Mrs. Bolles was heard in plaintive lament: "Your papa has certainly caught the mining fever. He will be ruined if he remains here."

"He must leave to-morrow," returned the daughter.

Left alone, John Longmire heard, understood, and was rendered dumb by a great need. If this butterfly had fluttered into his hand he would not have crushed the down on her wings. The very gulf dividing them made her more dazzling and alluring. What was he?—a workman, a clown. Something cold touched his hand. He had rested his fingers in the niche, and the statue of St. John looked down upon him benignly. Did the evangel speak to him of death or immortality?

III.—A MILLIONAIRE.

After that, "White Peak" claimed John Longmire, and he vanished. Far down in the net-work of stations, drifts, cross-cuts, and winzes a man labored day after day, "stoping" the ore with desperate energy, that fever burning in his veins, consuming and terrible, which has swept in waves over the human race since the discovery of America. He was part of a complicated mechanism. Others worked above and below him, as he traced quartz belts, the masses of black sulphuret and chloride, in dread of the soapy touch which promised porphyry, for he received his wages in shares, and "White Peak" *must* yield. Life became a dream, with vague pain left afar off in some realm of sunshine; he belonged to subterranean depths heated to suffocation, where nature promised to open wide the gate of untold treasure, if groping creatures could find the key.

Up on the earth's surface Chang Foo presided over stew-pans, and gleaned many a penny from his laundry. Mr. Hackley, in active correspondence with General Bolles, went about with an additional wrinkle between his eyebrows. "The

Crag," most prosperous of mines, selling at $785, had commenced to board up its riches. The public pulse bounded with alarm. It was a mere nothing; a cross-cut had been planked to prevent rock from sliding into the opening.

The silver gnomes must have laughed at their own pranks, in the delight of bringing smiles to one and despair to another. The hour came when John Longmire found the key, by patient search, in the rubbish of unpromising "White Peak," and the flood of great wealth suddenly bursting the bonds of darkness overwhelmed, bewildered, well-nigh crushed him, making reason, in the reaction of hope, reel. As if by the stroke of a wand, he was free, rich, powerful, and the past of weary labor rolled away like a cloud.

Chang Foo folded linen neatly, and afterward gave a banquet, where John Longmire was made an honored guest. If the Celestial robbed our hero at Denver City, were tinted eggs, containing jellies and confectionery, ragouts, and rice-brandy, considered an atonement? Mr. Ira Hackley, white to the lips, heard the knell of "the Crag" rung with the rise of "White Peak." That ominous partition of plank could not screen the truth, and the drop to $58 meant ruin, swift, awful, and unexpected.

An old man sat on a ruined column, bent, dejected, and tremulous, gazing at vacancy. This was General Bolles, withered as if by a blight to extreme age, and the stout lady at his side crying behind a lace handkerchief was his wife, deserted by the French maid. No influence had been able to draw him away from that magnet, Valma Mountain.

"Girls are full of whims," moaned Mrs. Bolles. "Kate says that she has loved this Englishman ever since we made the journey in the palace-car, and he worships her."

"Beggars can not be choosers," said the General, absently.

"Beggars! Why, his family is a good one, my dear, and he will be one of the millionaires of the world."

Mr. Ira Hackley passed briskly.

"I am going into farming, General. Why not try the grape or olive culture, Sir?"

The statue of St. John caught the glow of sunset. Two young people stood again at its base, John Longmire radiantly happy, and Kate Bolles shy and doubtful, inserting her parasol tip into the crevices of the niche: two branches of one race meeting in the far West, all about them church ruins, with priests sleeping in quiet graves.

"The young man at the dépôt was my brother," said Kate. "How funny! Did you think—" She paused and colored. The parasol had dislodged a loose fragment of stone; the statue rocked and fell to the ground.

"Oh, I am so sorry!" cried the girl.

John Longmire was raising a small slab concealed in the niche. Lo! bars of silver lay beneath, and a cross studded with jewels that caught the light like imprisoned rain-drops.

"You told me to repay you when this church yielded its secret;" and he laid the relics at her feet.

A little hand stole into his broad palm; a soft voice wooed his ear:

"John, this shall be my dowry."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

SEPTEMBER.

Sunday,	12.—Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	19.—Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday,	21.—St. Matthew.
Sunday,	26.—Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Wednesday,	29.—St. Michael and All Angels.

OCTOBER.

Sunday,	3.—Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	10.—Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	17.—Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.
Monday,	18.—St. Luke, the Evangelist.
Sunday,	24.—Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday,	28.—SS. Simon and Jude.
Sunday,	31.—Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.

THE quietness with which Messrs. **MOODY** and **SANKEY** have dropped into their places as members of the Christian Church at home has excited much remark. Their good taste is every where commended. At Newcastle, Pennsylvania, Mr. **SANKEY** was warmly greeted by his friends and neighbors. A large assembly met him at the Opera-house. An address of welcome was made by Mr. **CYRUS CLARK**. In reply, Mr. **SANKEY** gave the following account of the beginning of the memorable tour through Great Britain and Ireland: "I remember when we left home not knowing what was before us. We landed in Liverpool, and found the friends who had invited us over both dead. We were strangers, but God led us; His Spirit directed us up to a dead town, where we held a prayer-meeting, at which there were but four persons present. Afterward more came. People thought we were two Americans with sinister designs. The meetings, however, increased in interest and power, and then the work began which you have read about. A friend asked us to go to York, but the preacher said, 'No; it will interfere with our collections.' We went there, and the church and the collections increased. Now, my friends, I thank you for this testimonial; but the honor is not to me, but to Jesus."

Dr. **JUNKIN** gave at this reception the following account of the way in which the two evangelists were brought together: "Two years ago Mr. **SANKEY** was sent to Indianapolis as a delegate to the Young Men's Christian Association. There he was met by **JOHN V. FARWELL**, of Chicago, who said, 'It is no place for you in a store. Come to Chicago, and serve God.' **SANKEY** went to Chicago, and met **MOODY**. They all knew the rest."

The question of the recognition of Dr. **MANNING** as cardinal by the royal family of England has been thought of enough importance for notice in the House of Lords. It having been reported in the *Weekly Register* (Roman Catholic) that at a garden party given by the Prince of Wales at Chiswick the Prince advanced to meet Cardinal **MANNING**, and that the latter remained for some time within the royal circle, where he was presented to the Queen, Lord **ORANMORE** asked in the House of Lords if the report was true. The Duke of Richmond, in reply, stated, by the authority of the Prince of Wales, that on the occasion named the Prince did not have the opportunity of even seeing the cardinal. He did not, therefore, shake hands with Dr. **MANNING**, nor did he introduce him to the Queen. The conversation on each side revealed the great sensitiveness of the English people to any recognition, by the crown or ministry, of rank conferred by the Pope.

Mr. **GEORGE MÜLLER**, whose orphan homes at Ashley Down, near Bristol, England, have become famous all over the Christian world, has set out to labor as an evangelist. He is now in his seventy-fifth year, but is vigorous, and has a clear, strong voice. He has already preached in various places in England, and is about to visit Scotland.

Mr. **GLADSTONE**'s preface to the new edition of his recent tracts, now published under the title of *Rome and the Newest Fashions in Religion*, is full of very plain speaking. He charges the Church of Rome with the purpose of overthrowing civil society, at the cost, if needs be, of a general European war. He sums up the case thus: "Nearly the entire hierarchical power in this great communion, together with a faction every where spread and every where active among its laity, are now deliberately set upon a design distinguished by the following characteristics. Internally it aims at the total destruction of right: not of right as opposed to wrong, but of right as opposed to arbitrary will. Such right there shall be none, if the conspiracy succeeds, in the bishops against the Pope, in the clergy against the bishops or the Pope, in the laity against any of the three. Externally it maintains the right and duty of the spiritualty, thus organized, to override at will, in respect of right and wrong, the entire action of the civil power; and likewise to employ force, as and when it may think fit, for the fulfillment of its purpose."

The college founded by the "Union of American Hebrew Congregations" will be opened in Cincinnati next October, in the Mound Street Temple building. Twelve applications for admission have already been received.

The decree of her Majesty Queen **VICTORIA**'s Privy Council in the **GUIBORD** case has reached Canada, and is published in the papers of the Dominion. It is dated November 28, 1874, and is so explicit in its language that it will, if that be possible, bring the Canadian ultramontanes to their senses. After reciting the history of the case in the several courts, it orders that "a peremptory writ of mandamus be issued, directed to 'Le Curé et Marguilliers de l'Œuvre et Fabrique de Notre Dame de Montreal,' commanding them, upon application made to them by or on behalf of the Institut Canadien, and upon tender or payment to them of the usual and accustomed fees, to prepare or permit to be prepared a grave, in that part of the cemetery in which the remains of Roman Catholics who receive ecclesiastical burial are usually interred, for the burial of the remains of **JOSEPH GUIBORD**," and that they shall bury or permit the burial of the remains there. The decree also taxes the curé and his accomplices with all the costs to which the widow of **GUIBORD** has been subjected in the lower courts, and also £1079, the costs of the appeal to the Privy Council. The Governor-General, Lieutenant-Governor, and commander-in-chief of the forces in the Dominion "are to take notice, and govern themselves accordingly."

The Archbishop of Cologne, in addition to the German prelates already announced, has accepted the provisions of the law for the administration of church property. He advises his clergy to take the positions on the parish boards assigned them, and to see that their parishioners participate in the elections.

In the conflict of English Church parties the bishops who try to keep the peace with all are sure to suffer. They are lampooned unmercifully; almost every week brings something new in this line. The last victim is Dr. **ELLICOTT**, Bishop of Gloucester, who has been made the subject of a parody upon **CANNING**'s "Needy Knife-Grinder." One stanza runs thus:

"Poor little bishop! Seldom think the **MIALLS**,
Who would fain rend your pay and peerage from you,
What a hard task 'tis saying every day, I'm
Friend of both parties."

Punch makes fun of the row over the "Eastward position" and Mr. **MACKONOCHIE** in this fashion:

"There were Wise men of old, and they came *from* the East
To worship. Alas, for the latter-day priest!
For the poor Western wiseacre, bishops to gall,
Must turn *to* the East, or not worship at all:
O, what *can* he do for a peace-seeking soul,
'With a Surplice alone, Sir—*not even a Stole!*'
Since he holds that his holiest rite's of no worth
If he's robbed of his vestments, and 'stands to the North.'
A Philistine laic may laugh at this rumpus
Concerning one point in the clerical compass;
But how if the 'pastoral care' of the nation
Depends on the practice of 'Orientation'?
What hope of preserving the flock from perdition,
Without due regard to the 'Eastward position'?
Where to worship aright—so they tell us, at least—
We *must* stand, like fire-worshipers, facing the East,
'Midst rites that are formal, and lights that are garish,
And led, in full dress, by the priest of the parish?"

A correspondent of an English paper runs an interesting parallel between Drs. **THOLUCK** and **DÖLLINGER**, one the champion of evangelical Protestantism, the other of reformed Romanism. Both were born in 1799, **DÖLLINGER** on February 28, and **THOLUCK** on March 30. Each has spent half a century in the professor's chair; each has been the leader in a great change. At a meeting of the Bavarian Academy of Sciences, held July 28, Dr. **DÖLLINGER** compared the German Empire under **LUDWIG** of Bavaria (in the beginning of the fourteenth century) with the Empire of to-day. In the time of **LUDWIG** monks were burned as heretics because they asserted the infallibility of the Pope!

No topic was more carefully discussed by the British Wesleyan Conference at its recent session than that of lay representation. A proposal of last year to bring in the laity as members of a large Committee of Review, forming in some sense a second House, was not received with favor. After a very full interchange of opinions the following resolution was adopted almost unanimously: "That the Conference now resolves to appoint a ministerial committee to consider the whole subject, and report to the next May district meetings when the ministers only are present. The report of the committee and the resolutions of district meetings shall be submitted to the mixed committee to be hereafter named, which committee shall report to the next Conference." The mixed committee is composed of thirty-four ministers and thirty-four laymen, appointed by the Conference on the nomination of its president, one minister to be elected by the ministers attending each financial district meeting, and also thirty-four laymen to be elected by the district meetings.

Much disappointment has been expressed by Monsignor **RONCETTI**, who was appointed the bearer of the *berretta* to Cardinal **M'CLOSKEY**, in relation to the money offerings of American Catholics. The Peter-pence contributed during his stay in America did not exceed 150,000 francs. He reports that he was received in New York "with great deference, but at the same time with a considerable show of democratic equality."

The statistical returns of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, have been aggregated and published. They show the following results: Traveling preachers, 3224; superannuated preachers, 261; local preachers, 5356; white members, 696,764; colored members, 2663; Indian members, 4497: total preachers and membership, 712,765; increase over 1873, 37,375. Infants baptized, 24,909; adults baptized, 49,358; Sunday-schools, 7204; Sunday-school teachers, 48,325; Sunday-school scholars, 323,634. Collections for Conference claimants, $64,294 20; collections for missions, $101,953 46.

Bishop **MARTIN**, of Germany, has published a catechism of church law, from which the *Deutsche Merkur*, the organ of the Old Catholics, extracts the following propositions. The fourth of the series deserves especial notice:

"1. Catholics can not be bound to send their children to undenominational state schools, nor can they be compelled to pay taxes for such schools; the bishops have the right of setting up educational establishments of their own.

"2. Bishops may order processions, pilgrimages, and observance of Church festivals, and in this right they may not be interfered with by law or police regulations.

"3. The state may not suppress or limit Church societies, such as the Workmen's Unions, St. Borromeo's Union, and the like.

"4. The state has not the right to limit by a statute of mortmain the acquirement of property by the Church; it may not tax Church property, and must leave its administration and application solely to ecclesiastical officials.

"5. Members of church boards must be nominated by the bishop, or, if chosen by the congregation, must be confirmed by the bishop.

"6. The state can not levy any taxes or dues from the clergy, except by permission of the Papal See. Similarly, without permission of the Papal See clergy can not be summoned before a civil tribunal, even in ordinary civil and criminal causes.

"7. Under pain of excommunication, it is forbidden to imprison a bishop or to remove him from his See.

"8. The state may not order that the bodies of Catholics should be buried in communal grave-yards, but it ought to set apart forever special portions of these cemeteries for Catholics, or should allow them to provide their own burying-grounds."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A LITTLE AHEAD OF NOAH.—A dispute once arose between two Scotchmen, named Campbell and M'Lean, upon the antiquity of their families. The latter would not allow that the Campbells had any right to rank with the M'Leans in antiquity, who, he insisted, were in existence as a clan since the beginning of the world. Campbell had a little more Biblical knowledge than his antagonist, and asked him if the clan of the M'Leans was before the flood. "Flood! what flood?" asked M'Lean. "The flood, you know, that drowned all the world but Noah and his family and his flock," said Campbell. "Pooh! you and your flood!" said M'Lean; "my clan was afore the flood." "I have not read in my Bible," said Campbell, "of any one of the name of M'Lean going into Noah's ark." "Noah's ark!" retorted M'Lean, in contempt; "who ever heard of a M'Lean that hadn't a boat of his ain?"

A man recently took a bath in the dark. He managed well enough, only he got hold of a piece of stove blacking instead of soap—with marked results.

MEN OF LETTERS—Compositors.

"Boston babies are weaned early and fed on fish," says the Brooklyn *Argus*. "They accumulate much phosphorus. A chronicler, mentioning the circumstance of a group of Boston children going up stairs to bed in the dark, says that their heads appeared to be surrounded by an atmosphere of luminiferous ether, and that they reminded him of a procession of straggling meteors."

The St. Louis *Journal* says: "These three things it is unwise to repose confidence in—a Democratic Legislature, nitro-glycerine, and a mule's sense of honor."

The dramatic editor of the Paris *Figaro* informs his readers that, when Hamlet called Ophelia "a green girl," he meant simply that she was a seller of vegetables.

The late Dr. Erskine, one of the ornaments of the Scottish National Church, was a clergyman of deep and earnest piety. One day, when something had occurred to irritate him and to put him into so violent a passion that language seemed to be denied him for the time, Christianity putting a curb on the refractory tongue, the beadle rather archly queried, "Would an aith relieve ye, Sir?"

HIGH TIME—A church clock.

Why is Neptune like the man who searched for the philosopher's stone?—Because he was a *sea-king* what never existed.

The following advertisement, almost, we fear, too good to be true, is said to have been actually cut from a Dublin paper: "Lost, where it was dropped, an empty bag with a cheese in it, the bag marked L. G., but the letters are quite worn out: the person who lost it never missed it till it was gone, so, if any person will bring it to him, he shall receive a reward of 5s. on paying for this advertisement." Surely this bag must have belonged to the Irish orator who informed his audience that "all having been said that could be said, he had got up to say the rest."

Mr. Washington Moon has written a new work on bad English. Some of the errors which he singles out are decidedly amusing. For example:

A furrier lamenting, in an advertisement, the tricks played on the public by unprincipled men in his own trade, "earnestly requests ladies to bring to him their skins, which he promises shall be converted into muffs and boas."

Another advertisement ran thus: "Two sisters want washing."

Here must have been a strange sight: "He rode to town and drove twelve cows on horseback."

A gentleman advertised for a horse "for a lady of a dark color, a good trotter, high stepper, and having a long tail."

Better, more amusing, more instructive, and more credible is the following illustration of the inevitable ambiguities involved in accurate language. One gentleman observed to another, "I have a wife and six children in New York, and I never saw one of them." "Were you ever blind?" "Oh no," replied the other. A further lapse of time, and then the interrogator resumed the subject. "Did I understand you to say that you had a wife and six children living in New York, and you had never seen one of them?" "Yes; such is the fact." Here followed a still longer pause in the conversation, when the interrogator, fairly puzzled, said, "How can it be that you never saw one of them?" "Why," was the answer, "one of them was born after I left."

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

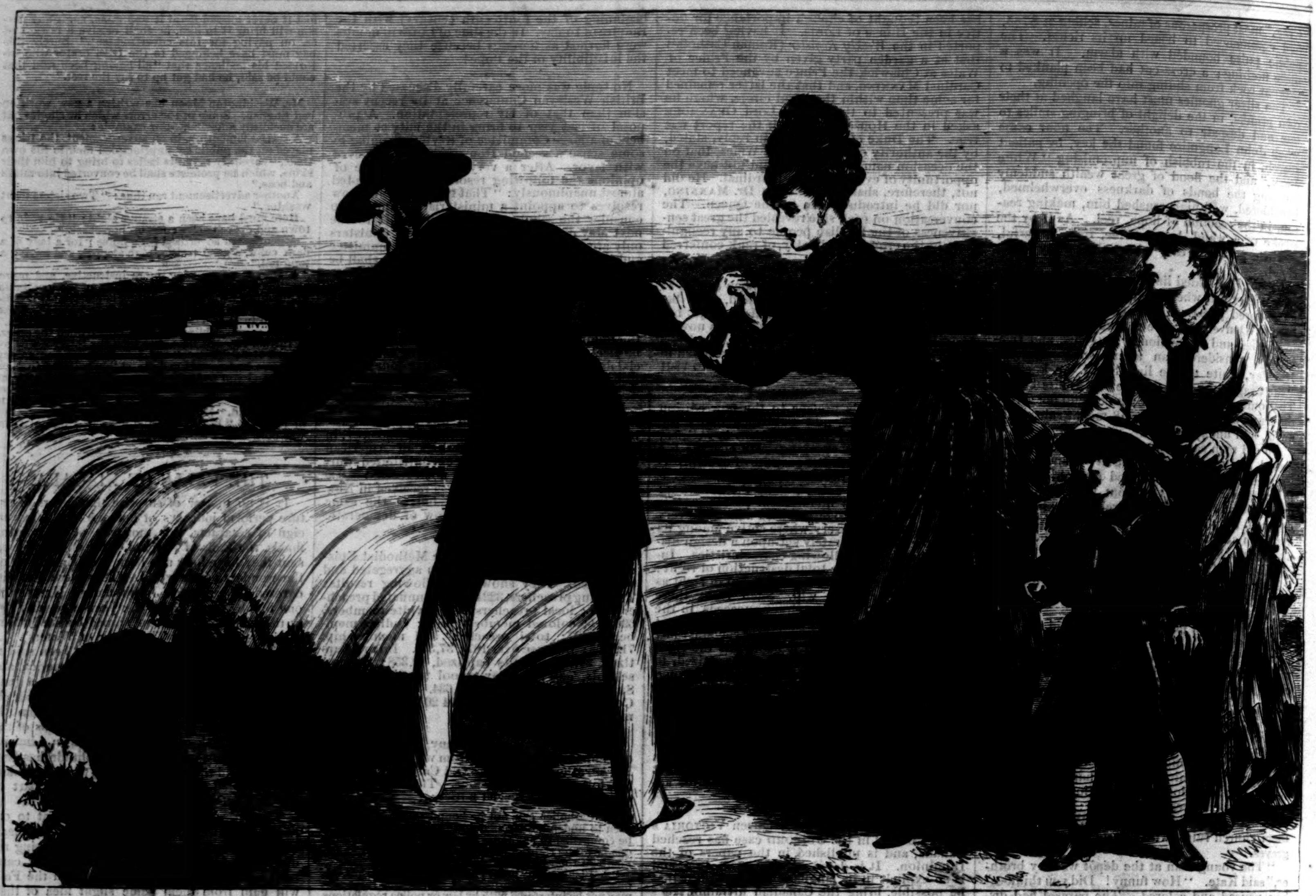
IT is no matter of surprise that lovers of nature perform journeys of homage to this sovereign of cataracts, this monarch of all pouring floods, the Falls of Niagara. By universal consent they have long ago been proclaimed one of the wonders of the world. They were first discovered by a French Jesuit named **HENNEPIN**, one hundred and eighty-six years ago, and had at that time already been named by the Indians O-ni-aw-ga-rah (the Thunderer of Waters). A few years ago Niagara might have been said to be situated almost in the wilds of America, and travelers were accustomed to look upon a journey to this prince of water-falls as a difficult enterprise, so remote was its situation from the usual haunts of men; but the attractions of this wonderful freak of nature have drawn admiring multitudes toward it, until its solitude has been invaded, and the broad highways to its dominions are thronged by travelers from every part of the civilized world.

The series of illustrations we present to our readers this week will recall to many the pleasure and delight they experienced in visiting the different scenes connected with the great cataract, and those who have never visited the Falls will gain from them some slight idea of their grandeur and sublimity.

There are, as is well known, two distinct though adjoining falls, one on the Canadian, the other on the American, side of the river, Goat Island, which rises in the midst of the foaming waters, dividing the two. In consequence of a bend in the channel, by far the larger portion of the water is sent down on the Canadian side. On this side, therefore, is the grander cataract, which has been named the Horseshoe Fall, though it no longer bears the name appropriately, as the precipice has been worn from a curved into a somewhat angular shape. This process of wearing away goes gradually on. In 1863 a large projection on the Canadian bank, known as Table Rock, broke away and fell in the flood below. Geologists suppose—and apparently have good reason for their theory—that the time was when Niagara fell over the abrupt bank at Queenstown, between six and seven miles below the present Falls, and that it has, in the lapse of unknown and incalculable years, been wearing away the gulf in the intermediate distance, and toiling and traveling through the rock back to its parent lake. The deep sea-green of the centre of the crescent, where it is probable the greater mass of water falls, lit up with successive flashes of foam, and contrasted with the rich creamy whiteness of the two sides or wings of the crescent, forms a combination of color, changing with every ray of light, every variation of the wind, and every hour of the day, which a painter's art could never hope to imitate, and which Nature herself has only effected here.

About half a mile below the Horseshoe Falls the river narrows to a breadth of about twelve hundred feet. Here it is possible to cross the stream in a boat to the American side. From this boat one of the best views of the Falls is obtained. The current is not rapid, and, through taking advantage of the eddy, passengers can with safety be carried almost to the foot of the American Falls. In looking up toward the great cataract, it seems as if the "waters which are above the firmament" were descending from the heights of heaven. The noise resembles the perpetual rolling of near thunder, or the uninterrupted discharge of a heavy battery of ordnance, mingled with a strange crashing and breaking sound. An impression of superior height is gained here, but not so much from the fact that the American fall is really ten or twelve feet higher than the British, as for the reason that here you have a complete profile view of the one from brink to base, which you can not well obtain of the other.

Goat Island, perched upon the edge of the precipice, holds her place like an emerald, quiet and green in the midst of the rushing waters. Around her all is tumult and impetuous haste. For the last half mile the descent of the bed of the river is about fifty feet, and the dashing wavelets indicate the interruptions they meet with from the hidden rocks by streaks and ridges of foam. The island is about a mile in circumference, and in that mile there is a forest of tall trees and a rich variety of wild shrubs and plants. It is reached by a bridge, and for the sum of twenty-five cents the traveler may visit it as often as he likes during his stay. Here the best view of the rapids

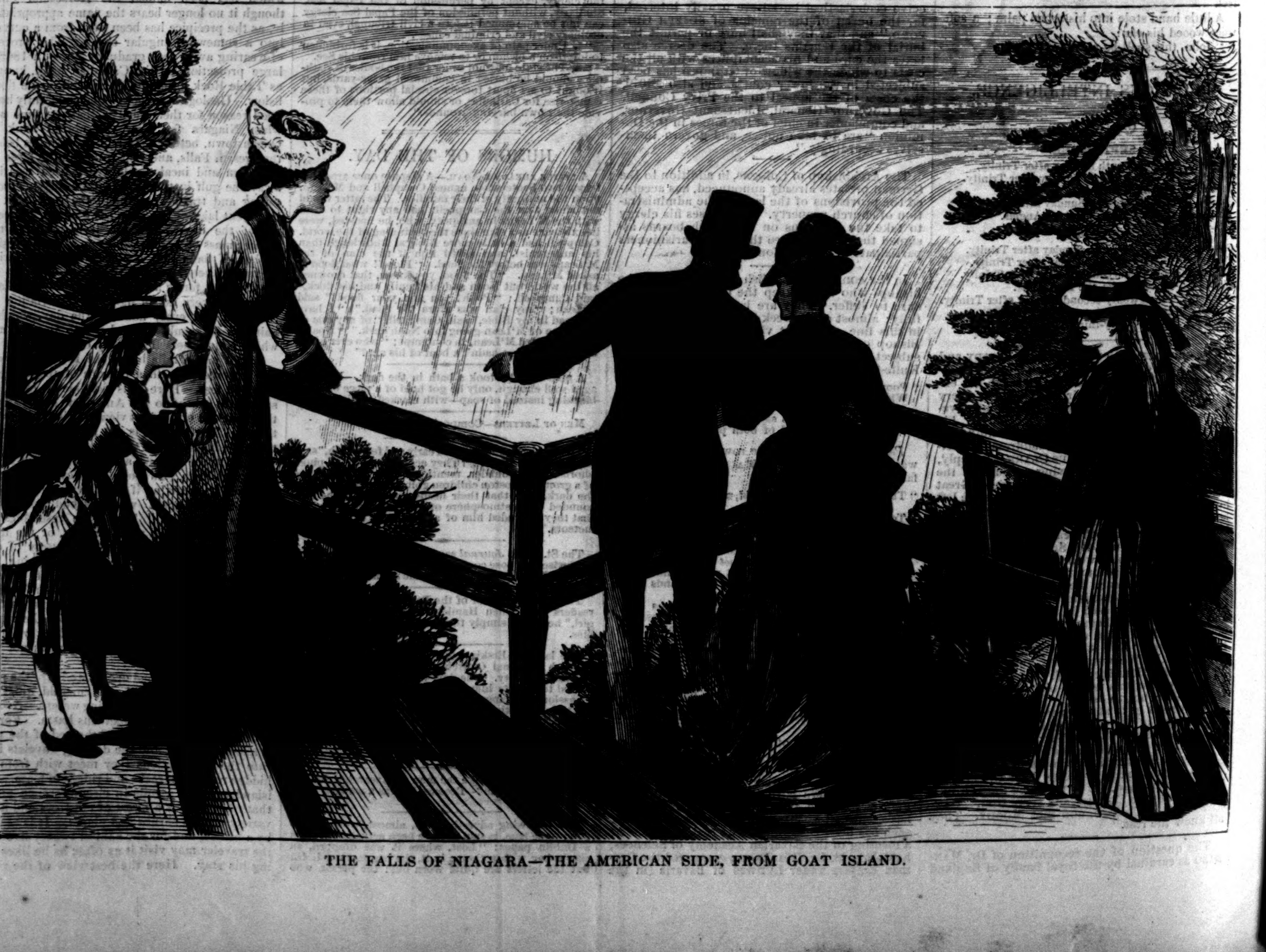


THE FALLS OF NIAGARA—ON THE BRINK.

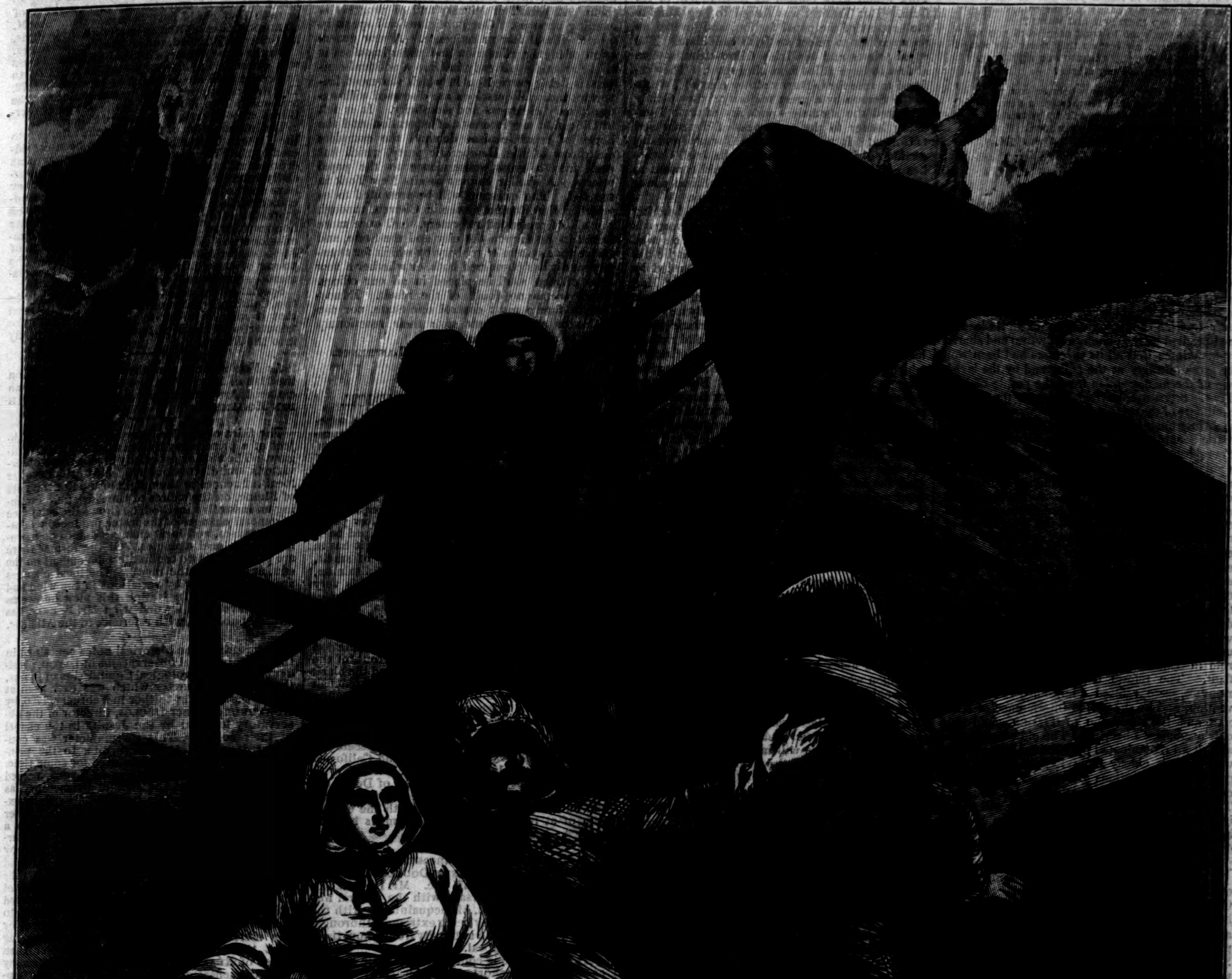
is to be obtained, and also of the great Crescent or Horseshoe Fall.

One of the greatest points of interest to the visitor to Niagara is the wonderful Cave of the Winds. As the torrent precipitates itself from the terrible height above, it comes with such force that it is thrown about fifty feet from the base of the cliff. One may thus, having donned an oilskin dress, descend the stairway that is built along the rocks, and enter two or three yards behind this curved sheet of water; but the spray is so blinding, the din so deafening, and the current of air so strong, that it requires calm nerves and firm feet to venture here.

A great deal of the romance and majesty of Niagara is destroyed by the prosaic adjuncts of civilization that have grown up around it. The immense hotels, the ubiquitous guides and extortionate hackmen that seize upon the tourist, disturb the harmony of the scene, and make the traveler long to gaze once upon the mighty cataract as it was in the days when, solitary and sublime, it poured its ceaseless torrents over rock and precipice unheard of, unvisited, by men.



THE FALLS OF NIAGARA—THE AMERICAN SIDE, FROM GOAT ISLAND.



THE FALLS OF NIAGARA—THE DESCENT TO THE CAVE OF THE WINDS.

HER ANSWER.

If the love that you ask for I offer you here,
Can I promise to follow you without fear?
Will you take my hands in your own, dear,
And keep them soft and warm?
Will you teach me to trust each word you say?
Will you keep my feet so they never can stray?
Will you be my guide in the one right way,
My refuge in every storm?

Then I'll lovingly follow wherever you guide,
Though our way may lie through a desert wide;
All through the journey, safe by your side,
You shall lead me every where.
It is sweeter to walk by faith than sight,
If only you feel you are going aright.
May I trust you always to find the light,
And guide me safely there?

MR. TILDEN AND HIS ASSOCIATES.

The Democratic Convention of 1871 met at Rochester in October, agitated by intense emotions of rage, defiance, but not of shame. It was known to every one that the Democratic party in New York had been engaged in a series of extraordinary robberies and frauds extending over a period of many years; that all its leaders had profited by the plunder of Tweed and shared in his crime; that all its successes had been won by gross outrages at the polls, and by the lavish use of the money stolen from the people of New York. Seymour, in 1868, had been the favorite candidate of the thieves. Hoffman was as much their instrument in 1870 as Hall. Not a Democratic Senator or Assemblyman but had sided in the robbery of our unfortunate city. Every Democrat in 1869 had obeyed his Roman Catholic masters and voted for the destruction of the common schools of New York. A common guilt covered every one of them; but no trace of modesty or of repentance marked the proceedings of the Convention of 1871. Tweed entered Rochester surrounded by troops of friends. In the evening he was serenaded by a Catholic club; and when the Convention met it was plain that the Democracy of the State was prepared to defend its acknowledged chief. His deputation of delegates, among whom shone conspicuous the worst ruffians of the city, and among whom were numbered a throng of the same men who now rule in Tammany Hall, were exultant and defiant. The reform delegates, led by Ottendorfer, were refused admittance to the Convention, and by the feeble interference of Kernan and the discretion of Tilden could gain only a moment's hearing. The old officials were almost all renominated; a platform was adopted which dwelt chiefly upon Republican extravagance and corruption; the crimes of the Democratic leaders were faintly alluded to; and Tweed, with some deep misgivings, still promised his followers a complete victory in November, and a perfect immunity from the punishment of their crimes. He still ruled the Democratic party; he still commanded in the Convention.

To this corrupt and infamous assembly Governor Tilden delivered an opening address. One might suppose that modesty would have led him to withdraw from a scene where his long association with corrupt men only became more plain to the public eye, or that he would at least have shown some contrition for the injury his party had done to the community. He, at least, knew that the vain boasts of Tweed were idle, and that he could no longer venture to defend his chief, the master of Tammany, without an utter loss of reputation. He felt that even Democracy and the Catholic vote could no longer shield their criminals; and it would have been well for him had he retired at once from public life, and shown a sincere remorse for the disasters he and his friends had brought upon the people. He seems rather to have exulted over their distresses that gave him an opportunity of assuming the garb of a reformer. "The Democracy," he cried, to Tweed's Convention, "burnishing its armor and purifying its ranks, advances to fight anew the battle against centralism and corruption, to which seventy-five years ago it was first led by Thomas Jefferson in the nation and George Clinton in the State." (New York *Times*, October 6, 1871.) A smile must have crept over the face of the least scrupulous of Tweed's agents when they heard that Democracy had ever been the symbol of reform, and that Tilden was to lead them on to fresh purity. But they soon found that he meant to adopt a new policy, and to assail the men with whom he had labored for twenty years. Amidst groans and hisses he declared that he should act against Tammany. He flung over his shoulders the borrowed garb of a reformer. O'Conor, Seymour, and Kernan joined him, and the four notable politicians, whose lives had been passed in a servile dependence upon Tammany Hall, who had shared its successes and profited by its frauds, now burnished their armor anew and came boldly forward to the rescue of their party. It was a daring political stratagem to cover with the garb of reformers the worst agents of Tammany Hall, and to rally its convicted felons to the purification of the State, and even Mr. Tilden seems to have found the task no light one. We find him soon after appealing to the Irish Catholics to abandon Tweed as the only means of safety for their party. October 10 he spoke to a meeting of the friends of James O'Brien as follows: "Look you again at this picture, my Irish fellow-citizens. These men have pretended to be your friends during the last few years. What is the result? James O'Brien," he added, "your candidate, is one whom you know, and whose character merits your confidence. Place him in office. One word more. Let me impress on you again that earnest and determined action alone will save us now. And certainly we who have been with you from the beginning, Charles O'Conor and I, can not die with a good grace until the work of redemption is accomplished." (*Times*, October 11, 1871.) Mr. James O'Brien is hardly the person whom the people of New York would have chosen as their oracle of reform. But Tilden was forced to beg humbly the support of the papal faction, and he had no resource but to select an Irish candidate. The papal priests and his Irish fellow-citizens seem at first to have failed him altogether. They refused to vote for O'Brien; they elected Tweed to the Senate by a great majority; they plainly preferred the shameless audacity of their Tammany leader to the astuteness of Tilden and O'Conor. It was only when Tweed and his faction fell into utter ruin that the Irish Catholics and their priestly leaders would consent to accept the more modest hopes of political power held out to them by the new reformers.

For three years Mr. Tilden has been laboring for the "safety" of his party. He has worn his garb of reform without a blush, without a smile. He pursued his attack upon Tweed, but he has left New York to be plundered and ruled by Tweed's followers as before. Tammany Hall has made him Governor of the State in gratitude for his leniency or his subservience. By his countenance it once more rules the Democratic party, and from his subtle touch its rogues and ruffians have sprung up, clad in the same guise of reform which Tilden and O'Conor assumed amidst their scorns and hisses in 1871. But who are the reformers from whom Tilden has accepted political preferment, and with whom he consents to hold constant and intimate intercourse, whose agent and instrument he avows himself, and from whose power he can never escape? At a recent meeting of the General Committee of Tammany Hall the following names appear as those of its most prominent members: John Kelly, Coroner Croker, Coroner Woltman, Alderman Reilly, Judge Duffy, "Tony" Hartman, Burns, Brennan, Powers, and a host of Irish. Justice Quinn presided; Mr. Costigan gave an interest to the meeting. Such are our rulers and the friends and supporters of Tilden! These are our reformers! One was recently charged with murder, and scarcely escaped conviction. All are the devoted servants of the Papal Church. They are Governor Tilden's sure reliance. With Kernan, O'Conor, and Seymour he holds in his hand the Catholic vote, but upon what terms of gross and base subservience only those can tell who know the unscrupulous and imperious nature of the foreign priests. Recently the priests said to Governor Allen and the Democratic leaders of Ohio, "If you do not obey us, we will mark you with an ineffaceable brand and drive you from power." They are plainly desirous of introducing into American politics the abject obedience and servile discipline of the convent and the monastery. To two of our Democratic reformers, Kernan or O'Conor, a hint or a suggestion from cardinal or Pope would be sufficient; to Tilden and Seymour there is left no refuge but to obey.

Such is our recent convert to reform. It can not be said that Governor Tilden has had any marked success in his new part. Tweed has nearly escaped by the blunders or the forbearance of "the most eminent" of our lawyers with all his plunder. The canal reform seems but little better managed, and New York trembles once more in all its interests before that infamous mass of foreigners with whom Governor Tilden has allied himself, and to whom he owes his present office. The chief result thus far of his proposed reform has been to fasten the rule of his Catholic fellow-citizens and Tammany Hall more firmly than ever upon our city. They would have robbed us anew last winter under Governor Tilden's auspices had they not been prevented by the Republican Senate; and they hope to rob us still: nor would Governor Tilden dare to oppose the men who have placed him in power. It is the unhappy condition of the Democratic party that, under the rule of foreigners and a foreign Church, it has lost wholly the instinct of common honesty. In New York its leaders profess to be reformers, yet cover our city with official thieves; in Ohio they advocate paper money to hide the higher interests of the political canvass; or in Louisiana enter into a friendly league with avowed assassins. And the party which Jefferson and Jackson made famous as the representative of American principle now leans for support upon the aid of a foreign Church, and finds its only lenient critics in foreign journals. The ultramontane and the English press is full of the praises of our Democratic leaders, and every Democratic victory is repeated with triumph by the conservative and papal journals of Europe. It is held to be a proof that we are about to submit to foreign and reactionary principles, and abandon the teachings of our fathers. Nothing can exceed the violence with which the London *Times* or *Standard* assails General Grant and all the Republican party, except the bitterness with which they once scoffed at Lincoln, while they celebrated Lee. Said the *Standard*, August 7, "The temper of the radicals [Republicans], the detestation they have justly incurred among honest men of all shades of opinion, render them naturally anxious to revive the cry of rebellion and the policy of revenge." The London *Times* accused the President of seeking to degrade the Supreme Court; the Paris *Patrie* and the German papal journals celebrate the renown of Fenton, Tipton, and Schurz. A singular league of amity has sprung up between the Democratic leaders in America and the monarchists of Europe, and all who hate republican institutions are the natural friends of O'Conor, Kernan, Tilden, Seymour, and Tammany Hall.

Not from such leaders or such a faction can come any true spirit of reform, and the faded party hacks who have been accustomed to seek popularity by subservience to the foreign Church and by tolerating robbery and fraud are fit only for a shameful obscurity. Tilden, O'Conor, Seymour, and Kernan can no longer rule New York. The papal priests, who have been their masters and their chief support, must fall with them. A period of honesty and of progress is opening upon us. Our politicians will speak in future without fear or reticence. A new generation of higher education and purer impulses is rising around. Already in Ohio a political canvass is being carried on in which the most important national questions are discussed with extraordinary clearness and simplicity. It is felt in Ohio that the interests of education and the hopes of republicanism demand the complete overthrow of the Democratic party, which has sunk into a gross subservience to the papal priests. A similar contest awaits New York in the fall. The question will be presented to us whether the Roman Catholic Church, through the aid of pretended reformers, shall once more fasten its hold upon the city and the State, and revive that system of robbery by which for twenty years it has plundered both, or whether a new class of men shall be placed in all our offices. There seems no doubt of the result. Education in future must control our State, nor can O'Conor and Tilden save their reactionary party by all their astute devices.

Eugene Lawrence.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

North America possesses an enviable superiority over most parts of the world in the number and variety of fresh-water fishes capable of being multiplied artificially for the service of mankind, having species corresponding to nearly all those known elsewhere, and several forms entirely peculiar to its own waters. Thus while its wall-eyed pike, or pike-perch, is equivalent to the much-esteemed sandre, the yellow perch to a similar species in Europe, the striped bass, or the rock-fish, to the European bass, it has in the black bass and the large variety of smelt, the trout, white-fish, and the California salmon, forms whose introduction into Europe is very desirable, to say nothing of the shad and alewife.

Recognizing this fact, the authorities of the Paris Société d'Acclimatation have offered prizes of 500 francs respectively for the introduction into France of our common brook trout, of the Otsego bass, the California salmon, and the black bass, on the condition that the imported fish have survived for more than a year. If young fish bred from these parents can be exhibited, then the amount of the prize in each case is doubled. The prizes in regard to the trout and black bass are open till the 1st of December, 1875; those for the Otsego bass and California salmon until the 1st of December, 1880. A prize of 250 francs is open until the 1st of December for the multiplication in France of the American bull-frog, this conditioned with the exhibition of at least twenty-five specimens born in France.

The London *Field* announces the death, on the 29th of June, of Mr. Henry Doubleday, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. Mr. Doubleday was especially conversant with the natural history of Great Britain, his acquaintance with the lepidoptera especially being extremely thorough, and rendering him an authority from whom there was scarcely an appeal.

As a writer he is comparatively little known, excepting from short communications on various subjects. His most important published work is his synonymical list of butterflies and moths.

The gold Banksian medal of the Royal Horticultural Society has been awarded to Mr. Worthington G. Smith for his important discoveries, recently announced in reference to the oospore of the potato-rot.

It is announced that Dr. R. B. Walker is on his way home from the Gaboon to London for the purpose of publishing his twenty-five years' experience in equatorial Africa, to include important notices in regard to the commerce and geography, the fauna and flora, and the ethnology of the country visited by him.

The International Geographical Exhibition at Paris, opened on the 15th of July, promises to be a very great success, although there is much yet to be done in the arrangement and exhibition of contributions from various nations. Seven principal groups embrace the various subjects of the exhibition. Among the more interesting displays is a map of France, sixty feet high by forty wide, which is seen to the best advantage by means of a telescope. The most interesting objects in the American section are said to be the maps of the United States Signal Service, and those of the climatology of North America prepared by Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution.

Among the recent prizes of the French Geographical Society a gold medal has been awarded to Father Armand David for his explorations in China and Mongolia; a gold medal to Dr. Schweinfurth for his travels in North Africa; a silver medal to Abbé Emile Petitôt for his exploration of the North American region which extends from Great Slave Lake to the mouth of the Mackenzie; a silver medal each to MM. De Compiègne and Marche for their journey to the Gaboon and up the river Ogové; and the La Roquette gold medal to the family of the late Captain Hall, of the *Polaris* expedition.

The death of Professor Henri Louis d'Arrest, an eminent astronomer, took place on the 14th of June, in the fifty-third year of his age. He was born at Berlin, studied astronomy under Professor Encke, and afterward became successively Professor of Astronomy at the universities of Leipsic and of Copenhagen, where much of his scientific work was carried on. He discovered several comets and an asteroid.

Among the prizes recently decreed by the Société d'Acclimatation of Paris, at its annual public session on the 7th of May, was one of 500 francs to M. Carbonnier for the exhibition of specimens of American *Fundula cyprinodonta*, characterized as being a fish of very excellent flavor. It is difficult to understand that this fish, well known in the United States, is now considered as one of importance, there being so many others of superior size and rapidity of growth that could have been selected. As M. Carbonnier exhibited specimens born in Paris, his prize was doubled, and he received 1000 francs.

On the same occasion a medal of the first class was given to Seth Green—this in addition to the grand gold medal which he received in 1872. The first-mentioned prize was in return for the transmission to Paris during the last year of fertilized eggs of various species of Salmonidæ.

The introduction of the California salmon into the Eastern United States has also been considered by the French society a matter of very great economical importance; and although not specially interested at present in the species, they have decreed to Mr. Livingston Stone a second-class medal for his superintendence of the United States breeding establishment, and also similar honors to Mr. G. H. Jerome, one of the Fish Commissioners of Michigan, and to Mr. Crouch, of Jackson, for hatching out and distributing the young of these fish in the St. Joseph, the Kalamazoo, and Grand rivers.

Special attention is invited by the society to the California fish, and the hope is expressed that it may be ultimately introduced into the tributaries of the Mediterranean, and especially into the Rhone.

La Nature announces the death in Algiers on the 11th of May, at the age of thirty-two, of an eminent Arabian chemist named Si Abdallah ben Mohammed.

The tides of the Mediterranean form the subject of a prize essay by Stahlberger, of Hungary. The author especially dwells upon observations and discussions relating to the peculiar local influences in the neighborhood of the port of Fiume, on the shores of the Adriatic. Pursuing an inductive method, he shows the existence of general changes of the water produced by cosmical causes, and local changes due to meteorological or local agencies. Of the former there are principally two oscillations dependent on the sun, and two on the moon. The local changes are caused chiefly by variations in the wind and the barometer. In stating this view he seems not to have gone beyond what Mr. Ferrel has already published with reference to the Atlantic.

According to the historical notes contained in the meteorological observations of Lafou, president of the Meteorological Commission of Lyons, the first thermometer which was ever seen at Lyons was brought thither in February, 1736, by Duhamel to Father Duclos, director of the observatory founded by the Jesuits in the chapel of their college. This thermometer was constructed with alcohol, according to the principles of Réaumur, and was used for some time. A member of the Academy of Lyons, named Christin, replaced the alcohol by mercury, as had, indeed, previously been done by Fahrenheit in 1724, and by Dr. Sauvage at Montpellier in 1736. Christin having introduced into a tube terminated by a bulb a quantity of mercury, whose volume might be represented by 6600 at the temperature of freezing water, found that this volume became 6700 when the tube was plunged into boiling water. The alcohol of the original thermometer being thus dilated 100 parts, Christin found it quite natural to divide the corresponding space passed over by the mercury into 100 equal parts, remarking that these new divisions being smaller than those of Réaumur, would be more in harmony with the sensations caused by variations of temperature. Such was the origin of the centigrade thermometer, which was afterward known for a while under the name of the thermometer of Lyons. Four years after—that is to say, in 1746—Cassini, who was a well-known optician at Lyons, had sold 700 of these in Paris, besides others in Provence and Dauphiny.

It is gravely announced that a Frenchman has discovered a mountain in India, near Rhamadrong, about 400 miles from Madras, consisting of pure metallic iron, and giving the impression of its being an immense meteorite. The precise dimensions of the mound are not stated, but if it is worthy of the term "mountain," it must be very considerable.

The officers of the Army Signal-office, as also of our public surveys, have daily need of accurate determinations of the altitudes of points in the interior of the country. To this end both the Coast Survey and the Smithsonian Institution have for many years been collecting the statistics of levelings made by railroad engineers, and all of these collections have been quadrupled in extent by the labors of the Army Signal-office. In addition to the extensive examinations given to this mass of material by the Weather Bureau, Mr. Gardner, the geographer to the Geological Survey of the Territories, under the Department of the Interior, has made an exhaustive analysis of the altitudes along certain lines of railroad, all leading to Denver, Colorado, his object being to determine the elevation of that point by as many independent lines of level as possible. In the course of his work very many illustrations occur showing the great accuracy that can be attained by careful study with good engineering instruments. He states, in effect, that of the innumerable discordances that occur, by far the greater portion are traced to errors of calculation, and not to instrumental defects or errors of observation. He establishes with great apparent probability some important changes in the accepted levels of points in this country. Thus the Great Lakes and surrounding country are found to be about nine feet, and St. Louis about twenty-three feet, higher than hitherto accepted. Kansas City and the surrounding country for many hundred miles south and west have heretofore been reported more than a hundred feet too low. Omaha is raised about thirty-one feet, and Indianapolis about one hundred feet. The range between the determinations of the elevations of various points is as follows: Lake Ontario, two determinations, a range of 3½ feet; Lake Erie, five determinations, a range of 2$\frac{3}{10}$ feet; Lakes Michigan and Huron, nine determinations, a range of 5 feet; St. Louis, five determinations, a range of 7 feet; Omaha, five determinations, a range of 23 feet; Kansas City, four determinations, a range of 10 feet; Denver, three determinations, a range of 6 feet.

SKETCHES IN SAXONY.

THAT portion of Germany which was formerly known as the Kingdom of Saxony, and in 1870 became one of the states of the new German Empire, rivals, in the picturesque beauty of its scenery and the attraction it offers to the traveler, any other part of Europe. In the southern portion of the state, where the river Elbe flows through the Erzgebirge chain to within eight miles of the capital, Dresden, the scenery is not only grand in its character, but strikingly romantic, and to this district the name of Saxon Switzerland has been given.

The inhabitants of Saxony retain in a high state of cultivation some of the traits by which they were marked when barbarous tribes. They are hardy, brave, and attached to their country. They are distinguished for great individual independence, and the word "Father-land" never fails to touch the electric chain by which they are bound to their country. It has been said that they are a dull race; but this is an error. Like all Germans, they are imaginative, and have great powers of labor and reflection. In no part of the empire is more attention paid to education, and the university at Leipsic is one of the most famous in the world. As a general thing, the Protestant states of Germany are more enlightened than the Catholic, and in Saxony, where the people are for the most part Lutheran, there is hardly a peasant that can not read and write.

Saxony is not a country remarkable for the elegancies of domestic life. Its luxuries are of a home-bred and inartificial kind, and even the higher classes seem to cultivate the subtle refinements of the mind in preference to the more obvious and material enjoyments which address themselves to the senses. Their food is plain and substantial, and they know little of the elaborate preparation common in other countries. The common people follow the plainest style of cooking, and are fond of fat substances, which they use with sour cabbage. They consume great quantities of beer, and the ale-houses are well supported, some of them having over the door the enticing invitation, "Welcome, friend," in place of the usual sign. The lower classes dress in the manner most convenient for their occupations, without any marked peculiarity, while the higher classes follow French and English fashions. Caps are nearly universal with the men; they are made of cloth, with a low crown, a few inches only in height, and have a small projection over the eyes. The female peasants and domestics wear on holy-days gaudy caps of gold stuff, and those who are too poor to have these, adorn their heads with flowers. The ladies in this part of Germany have considerable beauty, their complexions are fair, and their voices sweet; but the peasant women are usually coarse and unattractive. They have also an inveterate habit of knitting stockings wherever they are, which is as general as the custom of smoking with the other sex. Quarrels are frequent in Saxony, though it is unusual for the opposing parties to come to blows. Hard words are applied in profusion, but a blow is an indignity for which nothing but the offender's blood can atone. Duels are very frequent, especially among the students, and it is an unusual experience to have passed several years at a university without having taken part in one. The weapons used are straight swords, with double edges near the point that will cut both ways.

Our group of illustrations on page 745 will suggest familiar scenes to those who have at some time traveled through Saxony, and many who have left their homes in the father-land to find new ones on American shores will be reminded of the land they have left behind.

HUGH MELTON:

A Story.

By KATHARINE KING,

AUTHOR OF "OUR DETACHMENT," "THE QUEEN OF THE REGIMENT," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE HILLS.

OUR passage out to Alexandria was stormy a good part of the way, and we were a little behind time. Most of the passengers, I fancy, were glad when they heard the confused Babel of sounds that welcomes the arrival of the steamers in that ancient and dirty town. As for me, I cared little. It mattered nothing where I spent my year of probation; discomfort annoyed me very slightly when I could think of my love's fair sweet face and sunny hair, and comfort had few charms when I reflected how many weary months lay between me and happiness. One slight chill my bright dreams did receive, it is true, though it affected me little at the time—in fact, only afforded me a faint and half-contemptuous sensation of amusement.

We were doing the Pyramids, as is the custom of travelers in this land. I went along with others. I had seen them before, but to avoid singularity went in for them a second time. When there I roamed away from my party, and occupied myself picturing what Maud (so I called her in my thoughts with consciousness of right) might be doing in the old house at Cairns. I was sitting on a block of stone lying at some little distance from the Great Pyramid on the golden sand of the desert. I had selected this position as commanding a good view collectively of those monuments of man's skill and patience, and mused, as I have said, while smoking and gazing absently on the wondrous scene. Suddenly there arose before me, I know not how, an old withered hag, such an object as is never seen out of an Arab village, and that makes one wonder if it could ever have been young, graceful, and fawn-like as the maidens one sees moving about the same encampment with water-jugs on their heads and soft gazelle-like eyes.

"You are happy now, noble Sir," she croaked, in her hoarse guttural Arabic; "happy as a dream. But joy is like dew: it fades before the morning. Shall I tell your excellency's fortune?"

The sound of her words had a mournful ring in them that jarred on my golden visions. I shook myself impatiently.

"There," I said, throwing her a few piasters; "I know my fortune. You could tell me no better. Leave me now."

She gathered the coins up eagerly enough, but answered:

"If I tell you your fortune now, noble Sir, it may save you many a bitter hour afterward. The bright morning sun does not always betoken a glorious mid-day, and many a fair rose-bud is cankered ere it bloom."

"What is it you want with me?" I answered. "I have given you money. Can not you leave me?"

"The money is very welcome," she replied, "and the Arab woman does not refuse it; but because your face is fair and your hand open, she would tell you a little of what lies behind the veil of the future, that when the hour comes the blow may be less overwhelming."

"Say on, then, good woman," I replied, carelessly, feeling that it was quite hopeless to try and get rid of her while she thought she had any thing to communicate. "Not that I believe in the fortune you tell me," I added, "for mine is clear and open, one that those who run may read, but because you seem to wish it, I allow you."

"Yes, yes," she replied; "your future indeed seems to lie before you clear and open—an ancient name, a princely fortune, a fair wife who does not yet love you best of all, but may, and most likely will, do so when love has time to beget love. All that you have before you now, and you think it will only grow brighter with years; but the old Arab woman sees more. She sees a miserable slave toiling in a far-distant country; he has been straight and tall as you, but in face far fairer—such a face as women love to look on. Toil and pain and grief have bent his stalwart form and lined his broad open brow, but yet he shall step between you and happiness, and mar your fortunes. Be wise, be warned in time. Return to your own country and watch over your love."

She turned to go, but I, half amused, half frightened at I knew not what vague danger her words seemed to point to, called on her to stop.

"Tell me, where is he, and who is he, this slave of whom you speak? My race are not wont to fear slaves."

"True," she answered, without looking back, and gliding away more nimbly than I could have believed possible—"true; yet they may fear this one, for he is one who will return from the dead."

As she uttered the last word she disappeared suddenly behind a rocky bowlder, and when I rose to look for her, excited even out of my calm laziness by her mystic and ominous words, she was gone. Nowhere could I find her; only on the sultry desert air the words seemed to hang, pervading every sight and sound, "he will return from the dead."

For a minute I stood stupefied; then the ludicrous aspect of the situation struck me, and I laughed as I said to myself, "How all our fellows would laugh if they heard this old hag's prophecy! Thank Heaven, our women are not like these degraded Easterns, and good looks do not always carry the day even among the most ordinary of them." I turned off to rejoin our party; but on the way back, as we cantered along on our little nimble donkeys, I could hardly refrain from a hearty laugh, angry though I really felt, when I thought how wonderfully the old witch had mistaken the nature and manners of our Northern clime. Nothing remarkable occurred during the rest of our way out, and in due course of time I arrived at A——.

Our fellows were astonished to see me back again so soon; but I was glad to see that Cameron had lost ground instead of gaining it during my absence; now hardly any of our best set would speak to him. To make matters worse for him, the colonel, as soon as he heard that all chance of Cameron's marrying the heiress was at an end, began to perceive his mean sneaky ways, to be less liberal of leave and more of hard work, so that altogether the man's life had altered for the worse.

He scowled savagely at me the first time we met, and said:

"I hope you are satisfied with the mischief you have done me with your tales; at any rate, I am glad of one thing—you have not got the reward you hoped. The heiress is no heiress now, and you can not profit by the ill you have done. I dare say, for the matter of that, she would be glad enough to have you, but it would not suit your book now."

"I should advise you, Captain Cameron, to leave Miss Meares's name alone, either in connection with me or with any one else. You may as well take this advice in a friendly spirit and be guided by it, as otherwise I shall get you kicked out of the regiment in a way you will not like. I know a little more about you than the other fellows, and caution you for your good."

Cameron literally glared at me for a minute or two, then thinking discretion the better part of valor, turned on his heel and walked off.

"Take care you do not get a knife in your back some dark night, Cairnsford," said Solace, looking up from his paper; "that fellow looks as if he would do for you."

"Pooh!" I answered. "I do not think he has daring enough to put a fellow out of the way; he is too great a coward, and dreads being found out. By-the-bye, didn't you tell me Eames was selling out? Who is looking for the step? Will it do you any good?"

Certainly the climate did not agree with me, for I had not been five months back at A—— before the doctors found it necessary to order me a complete change of air. They wished me to return home; but that I had determined not to do till my term of probation had expired, and therefore adopted the other alternative they prescribed, which was to go up to the hills, far up into a really cool climate, and there pass my time until I found my health re-established. This plan suited me well enough. I was desirous of going after big game among the hills, and determined to strike out quite a new line of my own in the wildest and least known part of the Himalayas. My preparations did not take long to make; I did not wish to have too much roughing, so took some natives to carry ammunition, tent, and baggage, with a few other little luxuries I did not care to be without; and last, but not least, I brought with me my trusty soldier-servant, Adams, a man who had been in my service almost ever since I had joined, and who was not only active and enterprising, but understood the ways of the natives much better than is at all usual among that class of men.

I am not going to give a detailed account of all my ramblings; indeed, I think far too much space is already occupied by my personal adventures; but it would be almost impossible to relate events, so as to give a correct idea of them, without a strong admixture of unavoidable egotism.

Day by day we penetrated farther into the mountains, and our success in hunting was very fair—one or two splendid bear-skins still attest our luck; but our trophies would doubtless have been far more numerous but for the incident I am about to relate.

One evening we found ourselves near a large and populous village—town I suppose I ought to call it—inhabited by a people who seemed scarcely to understand my men's dialect, and who evidently had seen few white people before. My men declared that they appeared to have heard very little about our victorious English nation, and did not seem to feel the awe they should have done at beholding representatives of so powerful an empire.

Adams did not think it prudent to remain near them; they looked with such covetous eyes on our arms and implements, of which, however, they did not know the power or the use; so that I felt safe in the pleasant conviction that the discharge of my revolver would put to flight an army of them. As it was not convenient to go farther that night, I camped in a pleasant valley outside the town, and sent a message to their chief or head man that I would pay him a visit next morning. He appeared inclined to be friendly, and responded to this by sending me a goat and a bag of rice, which furnished a good supper to my whole party—rather a happy circumstance, as we had but little game with us that night, and would otherwise have been on short commons.

Next morning I was astir early, and by way of passing the time till ten o'clock, when the great man held his levée, I determined to stroll through the town, and see what kind of a place it was, and how the inhabitants lived. I found the houses well and strongly built—I suppose on account of the cold at night, which is often very intense—but the streets were no exception to the general rule in Oriental towns, and were chiefly remarkable for the filthy state in which they were kept. The most noteworthy thing about the place seemed to be a large building that was being erected on a small hill just outside the town. I went toward it, more from want of something to do than from any particular curiosity, as I supposed it to be a palace for their chief or a temple for some god. There were gangs of slaves working at it, chained together by long heavy iron chains. The poor fellows seemed to find it hard work, toiling under the hot sun, weighed down with such ponderous manacles. I stopped and watched them with some pity, they were so bent, so thin, so wretched-looking. I scanned one face after another, and certainly their look was evil enough; but how could it be otherwise, leading such a life, with no whisper of hope or word of encouragement ever falling on the ear? The overseer or task-master, a big brutal-looking fellow, strolled from one gang to another, constantly bringing down his heavy whip with sounding lash on the shoulders of some offender, more, it seemed to me, for his own brutal pleasure than because punishment was at all called for. My eye traveled slowly down the gang before me, as they one by one glanced up at the strange figure before them. At length it reached the last man in the line, and a puzzled feeling came over me as to where I had seen a face like that of the slave before me. He was working away steadily, and I looked and wondered for a second or two before I remarked, with a curious sense of bewilderment, that, unlike all the rest of the gang, he was a white man. Yes, there could be no doubt about it, he belonged to my own race; perhaps it was that total difference in character of expression and feature that distinguishes our race from others that had made me at first imagine I had seen before that thin sad face, deeply lined by suffering and toil, and half hidden by wild curling locks and long flowing beard. Just as I had made this discovery and had come to this conclusion, the man next him, who had been looking at me with some interest, touched his arm, and directed his attention toward me by a word or two uttered in a low voice. The white slave turned his head with a quiet, graceful movement that awoke a sort of vague remembrance in my mind, and raised his eyes toward me. For a moment we gazed at each other in silence; then, with a kind of wail, the words broke from his lips:

"Cairnsford! Oh, heavens, do you not know me?"

"Hugh! Is it possible? You here!" was all I could utter, as I sprang toward him, and grasped his trembling toil-worn hands in mine.

The overseer was on the other side of the building, so we were safe from his observation; and Hugh leaned his head on my shoulder and sobbed, the agonizing convulsive sobs of intense emotion. Pain and joy, too powerful, too exquisite almost for mortal frame to bear, struggled in his breast.

"I had lost all hope—I was like one dead," he murmured when he had recovered voice to speak. "But you will save me now? You will not leave me again?" he asked, with piteous entreaty.

"Surely not, old friend and comrade, my more than brother. This is the happiest day of my life, as I have found you; and I will never leave you again till you are safe and free as I am now."

"Yes; but you must leave me," he answered, pushing me from him hurriedly. "Do not let the overseer see us together, or he may persuade the chief not to let you have me. When the hour of audience comes, go to the chief, and ask to buy me. Do not be deterred by any difficulties—only secure my freedom. But go now; do not let us be seen together: it may ruin all."

So saying he turned again to his work, and as the overseer rounded the corner of the building and appeared in sight, I was already a few paces off, walking quietly away. How my heart danced as I bent my steps toward a shady grove of trees near our little encampment! Hugh was not dead; he lived, and would soon be at liberty, and through my means. Oh, it was joyful! I seemed to tread on air, and thought with rapture of the welcome the poor old fellow would get at A—— when he returned, and how we would all try to efface from his mind recollection of that terrible captivity. Then he must come home to see his friends in England, and get set up, after all the hardships he had passed through in such a climate. I would manage that for him; I should be going home too, to Maud— Here my thoughts stopped; my heart seemed to stand still, and the hills around me appeared to reel as the truth flashed on me. This Hugh whom I had loved, whom I had saved, or was about to save, from a living grave, was Maud's lover; with his return my hopes were over. No more watching betwixt hope and fear for a half-tender, half-merry glance; no more wandering through the summer woods; no more passionate love prayers to lips that, while not consenting, did not wholly refuse. Gone, all gone. The light had passed away from the hill-side, the glory from the golden morning; love's dream had been dreamed, and had vanished like the sun in a stormy sunset. But not yet; surely not yet. "I am not bound," I cried, "to shipwreck my own life. What is this man to me, that I should give up more than life itself to him? If he wishes to be free, why does he not escape, as thousands have done before him? None know that he is here. Adams was not with me; he is still packing up the tent. Come, I will set off at once; none will be the wiser. Every man for himself must be the motto of this world, and once away from this place I shall again breathe freely."

I half rose from the bank on which I had fallen in my first agony when the dreadful truth broke on me; but before I had made a step forward, a voice within me seemed to say:

"O false friend, can you leave the man you love, or say you love, to die a lingering, miserable death, that you may secure your own happiness? Grant that you lose your love, what is your loss to his, who is dragging on his wretched existence, lost to love and liberty, every thing that makes life endurable gone forever? Have you no pity, that you can leave him thus?"

"But I love her, I love her," I half murmured, in answer to my own thoughts. "The trial is too bitter: who could pass through it?"

"Would he act thus were he in your place?" the same inward voice repeated—"he, the upright and true-hearted. Would he let his own selfish feelings condemn his friend to such a fate, or even his worst enemy?"

"It is true, too true," I groaned in anguish. "Must I save him in spite of myself? But O, why did I come here? what evil spirit drove me into these wilds to make such a discovery? O Hugh, O my love, can I be true to you both, and to myself also? I can not; it is impossible. Then, God helping me, I will be true to you, let me suffer as I may." For a minute or two, as I paced to and fro, I thought I would do and bear all things; then again my strength failed me, and I said, "If the chief sends for me before I can get off, I will do my best for his release; but if I find every thing ready, I will leave at once." So I resolved with myself, as I rose and turned toward my tent. There I found the faithful Adams had prepared my breakfast, not thinking I would leave before the chief's hour of audience. I could not touch it, and told him to get ready for starting with the utmost haste, even while in my heart I loathed myself for the course I was taking. As I walked up and down under the blazing sun, waiting for Adams to complete his preparations, I lamented over what had befallen me. I thought in that dark hour only of myself and of my love who was also his, and who, I almost vowed in my wild despair, should never again behold him. But something—shame, I think—when I thought of his true friendship, withheld me from this sin; still my whole soul rebelled against my fate, and at last the tempter that had tempted me to abandon my friend took another and more specious form, while he urged me never to give up my love without a struggle.

"It would be unmanly, cowardly, feeble-spirited," he whispered. "Rather bind your friend whose life you have saved, and who therefore owes you every thing—bind him by a solemn oath never to go near her or to see her more. Tell him you have her promise, and that the happiness of your life depends on your obtaining her; he would rather die a thousand deaths than, after such a confidence, come between you and her. Let him remain in India when you go home; if she then hears he is alive, she will naturally conclude he has forgotten her. She will contrast his fickleness with your constancy, and the result will be certain. The love once his will revert to you; and if in after-life they ever cross each other's paths, you may look calmly on their meeting, for her heart will be yours, and he, bound by his promise, will avoid her presence, so that she will never know by what means your happiness was secured."

I should have spurned these thoughts from me with loathing, but I was too weak, and still brooded over them while waiting, when a messenger came from the chief, saying he would see me now. It was a full hour before his usual time for giving audience; but his eagerness to see the stranger had, I suppose, made him deviate from his custom. I never troubled myself about his reasons, however, but followed the messenger mechanically, thinking bitterly, "Fate is indeed against me; I can not now get off without seeing the chief, and I must ask for this man's release, as I decided to do, if I could not get away in time."

Yes, I had become so lost to all good feelings that I mentally called him "that man," and for a minute almost hated him. Then, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, I remembered that he was my own and only friend, dearer to me, as I had often felt, than any brother could have been. As I thought of all the years we had passed together, and the affection we had felt for each other, I shook off the tempter boldly, and determined that no danger or difficulty, no selfish hopes or fears, should ever cause me to desert my friend. At length I found myself before the great man; but, indeed, I remember little of what passed, only that I presented my small offerings, wherewith I hoped to propitiate his favor. They were graciously accepted, and I then asked to purchase a slave, which request, though it evidently surprised him not a little, was also granted; and by the middle of the afternoon my friend was restored to me, my adieux were spoken to the dark-skinned chief, and we were wending our way merrily homeward.

Merrily, I said: what a mockery is in that word! If merriment lies in a throbbing brain, in a forced laugh, and a breaking heart, then, indeed, I was merry. As to my companion, perhaps he was so truly, but I doubt it; all happiness has its alloy, and his was disturbed by doubts and fears as to what might have happened in his absence.

I soon told him every thing, except the one thing that concerned him and myself most nearly, though still the course I had determined to pursue gathered shape and substance in my brain. Again and again I was on the point of telling him my position, and exacting his promise, and every time, before the words escaped my lips, I checked them, thinking, "There is plenty of time, and I can not damp his joy so soon. I will tell him another day."

"What a good fellow you are, Charlie!" said my friend, after I had told him all. As I thought of the treachery I meditated, and heard those trusting words, uttered in the old frank voice, I felt the blood rush to my face for very shame. He thought me so good because I had saved Maud from Cameron. What would he say if he knew I had saved her for myself, and that, too, knowing she loved him still?

At that moment I thought myself the most contemptible of created things, and as he laid his poor worn hand gently on my arm, saying, "What is the matter with you? you look ill," I felt that I had indeed sunk low, to think of wronging one so tender and trusting.

"It is nothing," I murmured; "I feel a little worn out by excitement, that is all. Do not speak to me for a little, and it will pass off." Then, as we rode on in silence, side by side, I made a vow that, God helping me, I would be as true to him as my heart told me he would have been to me, had our positions been altered. I felt better once this resolution was taken; before, I had feared to meet his eye, I had dreaded the touch of his honest hand; now, I could look at him fearlessly, and loved him even better than of old, for my friendship had been tried by suffering, and I humbly hoped it would be seen to bear the test. Not but that I had many a fierce struggle to pass through, and many times my resolution wavered as I thought of the love I might have won, and my heart would grow sick and faint as I pictured the long years I was doomed to pass, a lonely, disappointed man; for I felt that this passion was one not to be uprooted or lived down, as the more transient affections of my youth had been; it was the last and deepest love my heart could know, and I shrank with a natural repugnance from the dreary prospect before me. And then Hugh. Poor fellow! he, knowing nothing but that his love was safe and unwon, could do little but talk of her and his prospects; for she was poor now, as poor as he was, and that seemed somehow to afford him unmitigated satisfaction; though why the prospect of being able to starve along with her, instead of living in luxury together, should be specially delightful, I know not. In this way we traveled back to A——, and I forced myself to seem happy, and to lend a sympathetic ear to all Melton's day-dreams. Then, hardest task of all, I had to comfort and re-assure him, when the painful conviction would overwhelm him that the Hugh Melton Maud Meares had loved was young, active, tall, and handsome, very different from the bent, brown, enfeebled man who now rode beside me. That he would regain much, almost all, indeed, of his former good looks in time I truly believed; but I knew, as well as he, that eighteen months of privation, toil, and misery had left their mark on him in characters that would never be effaced; that there were wrinkles on his brow no soft white fingers could ever smooth away, and shadows in his deep sad eyes no light of merry laughter could ever chase out of their depths.

At A—— he felt the change trouble had wrought in him keenly when he found that even those of his comrades who had loved him best seemed to find some difficulty in recognizing him, and the first minute we were again alone together he turned to me with a strange fear in his questioning eyes that was piteous to see.

"Tell me, Charlie," he asked, "do you think she will recognize me, changed as I am?" Under this question I saw there lurked another, which he dared not put in words. "Will she still love this broken-down and altered man—unaltered in heart it is true, but in all else how sadly changed!"

A great pity for him rose in my heart as I thought what would be his fate if she should find the change too great, and refuse to see in the toil-worn wanderer her old love. But while I seemed to see this hanging over him as a dark possibility, my knowledge of Maud's character gave me confidence to say:

"Do not be afraid, old friend; your love is worthy of you, and will think the same of you now as she did when your life was undimmed by care and sorrow, and your looks unchanged by toil and suffering."

CHAPTER XII.

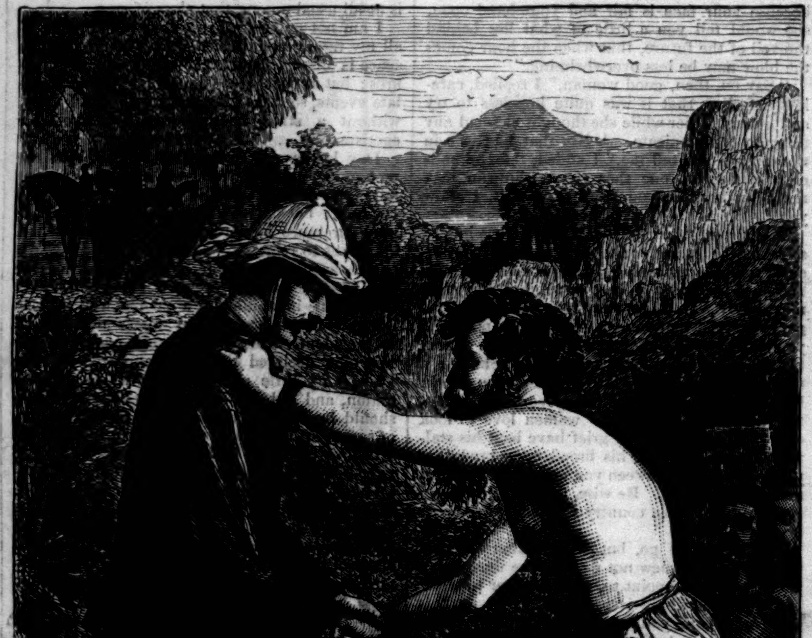
THE END OF ALL.

AT A—— some good news greeted us; Solace had received a letter from home, in which it was mentioned that Mr. Upton, Hugh's rich old uncle, had died, and had left all his vast property to his nephew, if he should ever be found. The old man was of opinion that as no actual proofs of his death had been discovered, he might still be alive; but if he did not turn up after a term of ten years, then, and in that case, it should revert to another branch of the family, distant cousins of Hugh's whom he had never met.

Here at A—— Hugh confided to Solace, Langham, Templeton, myself, and some others, all he knew about his captivity and its cause.

He had been surrounded while out sketching by a party of natives, seized, and carried into the hills. He knew the dialect of the people here at A—— very well, but this patois puzzled him; he made out enough, however, to ascertain that some one of his brother officers had paid one of the chiefs a large sum of money to make away with him. This chief prudently reflected that he might realize still more money by selling him as a slave than if he killed him, and the man for whom he undertook the business would never be the wiser. Melton was therefore sent deeper and deeper among the hills, and finally sold to the tribe with which I had found him. This in brief was his story. There was but one man in the regiment who bore him enmity or had reason to wish him out of the way; there could be little doubt as to the instigator of this cowardly crime; but we had no proofs, and after much debate determined on laying the case before the colonel, and urging him to insist on Cameron's answering the questions and accusations we brought against him. The colonel, who had long been tired of his quondam pet, took the matter up warmly, and sent for Captain Cameron at once.

I triumphed inwardly, and thought, "Our day of power is come; we will at least be avenged by seeing this wretch humiliated and kicked out of the regiment as he deserves. Revenge is sweet certainly, and he is undeserving of pity."



"CAIRNSFORD! OH, HEAVENS, DO YOU NOT KNOW ME?"

Nevertheless, when Cameron first entered the room, and saw the stern accusing faces gathered round him, he grew pale to his lips, and seemed for a minute as though he would have fallen. At that moment, if he had shown signs of repentance, I could have felt it in my heart to forget all but his cruel treatment of my friend, who looked more kindly on him than any of us, and would have handed him a chair. But recovering his strength and his usual cynical, sneering smile with an evident effort, he interrupted the colonel as he was about to speak, saying:

"Never mind the chair, Melton; I prefer standing. And you, colonel, need not trouble yourself to speak. I can see pretty clearly by the faces of these gentlemen that some dreadful charges have been brought against me, and as slander against one's self is peculiarly disagreeable, I decline hearing it. Do not think for a minute, my dear Sir, I acknowledge the truth of those charges; but it is hardly worth the trouble of denying them when every one around me believes them true, so I shall dispense with that ceremony. And now I have only to tell you that, finding the air of this place disagree with me, and the society not so agreeable as I could wish, I have determined on selling out, and will send in my papers at once. You can not prove your charges, and will therefore, I suppose, allow me to sell out quietly. I do not think I have any thing farther to say that would be agreeable to you to hear, so I had better wish you good-morning;" and with a sneer on his lips, Cameron left the room.

"A precious scoundrel we have got rid of," muttered the colonel, as the door closed on him. "I do not envy his future associates."

As this is the last time Cameron comes across the thread of the story, I may be permitted to mention that when I last saw him he was acting as croupier to a gaming table at a small German Bad. Thus my revenge came to nothing, after all; and perhaps it was best so, for what was I that I should desire to triumph over this man—I who had tried to desert the best friend ever man had in his need? As Cameron turned away I could not help feeling that if those around only knew all they would not think much better of me than of him.

We did not stop long at A——. Melton was far too anxious to return to England, and to satisfy himself with his own eyes of his love's safety and the continuance of her affection, to delay a moment longer than was necessary; I, who had now made up my mind as to the course I should pursue, intended to accompany him.

It was a dull wet day about the beginning of June when we arrived in London. I knew from my mother where to look for the MFeareses, for they had long ago taken up their abode in the capital. We arranged that Hugh should go to his lawyer's to put in his claim to his uncle's property, and to talk over business matters, while I went to Miss Meares's lodgings to break the news to Maud that one had indeed returned from the dead, as I murmured to myself, repeating sadly the words of the Arab's prophecy. He was to follow me thither as quickly as he could, and I hoped fervently his coming would not be long delayed. Once the news was told, I should find each minute passed with her an age of pain till I could make my escape. I drove to the house quickly, though in my state of suspense every moment seemed an hour. What if she should have taught herself to consider him as dead, and to look on me as her future husband; nay, had even perhaps grown to love me? I thought I had heard of such things, and with a beating heart I hoped against hope as I mounted the narrow stairs to her little drawing-room.

But all such hopes, if indeed I ever really entertained them, fled as I met her quiet friendly smile, her frank outstretched hand. There was none of the shy timidity of love, none of its happy gladness visible in those quiet deep eyes. She welcomed me as one welcomes a dear trusted friend, a brother perhaps, but no more. We were alone; so there was nothing to prevent my telling her every thing. This I did in as few words as possible, keeping my eyes fixed on one particular bunch of flowers in the pattern of the carpet, and yet seeing distinctly the flush rising in her cheeks, and a troubled look dimming her dear eyes. I could see the trembling of the white hands clasped in her lap, the nervous, hurried breathing, and still I spoke on. I spared myself in nothing; I felt almost as if making myself base in her eyes was in some sort doing penance for my betrayal of my friend. I told even of that—of my wicked desire to leave him there to his fate, and could feel her large eyes turned on me with a look of sorrowful reproach. She spoke not a word as I went on to relate what had passed at A——, when suddenly I heard a cab drive to the door. I knew it was Hugh, and rising, said:

"All the rest you will hear from him. You are free forever from the promise I once forced from you. One request only I make of you. Do not let him know that his return stood between me and all that I hold most dear in life. It would mar his happiness and grieve his loving heart if he thought for a moment that his peace had been purchased by the sacrifice of mine. Years may pass before we meet again; till then, farewell!"

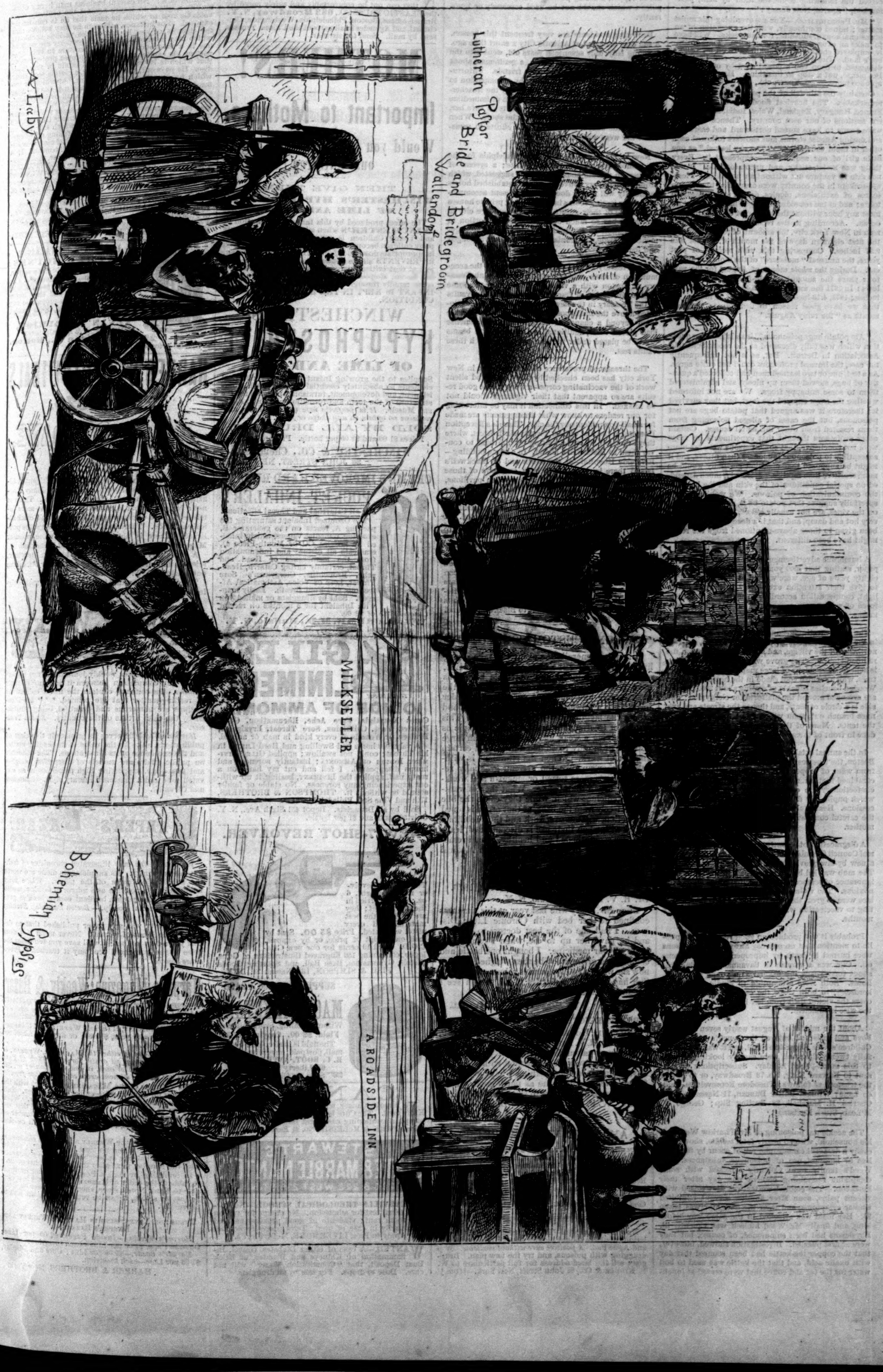
"Good friend and true, farewell," she murmured, as she held out her hand to me, with tears floating in her deep soft eyes. I raised it for a moment to my lips, and hurried from the room, feeling as though a light had suddenly been extinguished in my life, and I was left in utter darkness.

On the stairs I met Hugh. "Come and see me at the Army and Navy this evening, old fellow," I said, as I passed out; and in another minute I was once more in the street.

Next day I left town for Cairns, and in two months was once more on my way to India. I heard from my sister that Maud Meares's wedding was a very grand one. "You know," she wrote, "at one time I fancied you liked her, and that even she liked you; but now that your friend, who was always hanging after her, has come into his uncle's property, he has carried the day. What she can see in him now, I can not think, he is so greatly altered since he went to India. However, he certainly is getting more like his old self every day, and I dare say will soon be quite young and handsome again. She seems wrapped up in him; so perhaps, after all, it was a good thing I was mistaken, and you did not care for her; it would have been a bad thing if you had married her, and he had returned afterward."

Not a pleasant letter to read, was it? though no doubt meant in all kindliness; but it helped me to see that I had done the right thing, and that conviction strengthens me to bear the pain of the vague and purposeless longing, the wild regrets for what might have been, that rise, in spite of all efforts to repress them, in my heart, whenever I think of that happy and yet most bitter day when I found my friend and lost my love.

THE END.


Lutheran Pastor
Bride and Bridegroom
Wallendorf
MILKSELLER
A ROADSIDE INN
Bohemian Gypsies
A. Laby

SKETCHES IN SAXONY.—[SEE PAGE 743.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE Signal Bureau in New York city recently received the following communication by mail, post-marked, "Sparta, New Jersey:"

"MR. PROBABILITIES,—You are overdoing this moist matter; rained continually, with the exception of an occasional hour of sunshine, for two weeks. Will have to make an extension to my bean poles. Time entirely employed chasing my pumpkin vines off my neighbor's land. The whole thing is wrong, and I've been delegated to drop you a postal card by our society. Do, please, put a stop to this thing. Have it righted up once more. Yours, etc., GRANGER."

Certainly the rain-fall of the past summer has been remarkable. The heaviest floods have occurred in France, Hungary, England, Wales, India, and in western sections of our own country. Thence the rain-wave seems to have spread northward and eastward, and during August storms and showers followed each other in rapid succession. "The sky leaked," as one little girl of our acquaintance expressed it. Every thing was moist, sticky, and uncomfortable. It was not safe to venture out without an umbrella. Pleasure-seekers in the country were compelled to abandon scores of excursions, picnics, drives, and pedestrian tours; and at the sea-side one might have a bath at almost any hour without the trouble of dipping into the ocean. According to the records of the Signal Bureau in New York city, the amount of rain-fall during the first eighteen days of the month of August was 9.67 inches. Comparing this with records of past years, the unusual "moisture" of the month is apparent. During the *whole* month of August for the past four years the amount of rain-fall has been as follows: In 1871 the amount was 5.48 inches; 1872, 9.36 inches; 1873, 4.13 inches; and in 1874, 3.22 inches. So that we have good reason to denominate the past month as "the rainy August."

"Are potato bugs poisonous?" is an interesting question which was fully discussed at the recent Scientific Association in Detroit. But, as is not unfrequently the case, the learned professors could not quite agree. As a test, one or two learned men had collected a quantity of bugs, stewed them up nicely, and administered them to some unhappy frogs. We are not informed whether the frogs enjoyed the feast, but they survived it; therefore it was argued that potato bugs are not poisonous, but the cases of alleged poisoning from them resulted from other incidental causes. Certain other professors thought that experiments on frogs were not conclusive, that some persons were far more susceptible to poisonous influences than others, and it might be supposed that mankind generally would be more sensitive than reptiles. Moreover, much depended on special conditions of the skin and the blood in the communication of poisons. We would also respectfully suggest that potato bugs, as they are found on the vines, are not usually *stewed*, unless the day be *very* hot and damp, and that if a dose of *raw* bugs had been given to those above-mentioned frogs the result might have been different.

A humorous advertisement lately appeared in a local paper, stating that 1500 young men, from eighteen to eighty years of age, were wanted at Narraganset Pier to give their attention exclusively to ladies; duties light, compensation according to merit. A moderate force of young men responded, but not 1500 by any means.

The camp-meeting ground at Sing Sing is the oldest in the State. It is seventeen acres in extent, situated northeast of the village, and about two miles from the railroad station. The grove where the camp-meeting is held consists chiefly of large maple, oak, and hickory trees, which furnish cool shade in the hottest weather. Wooden benches capable of seating about 3000 persons are arranged around the platform for clergymen; outside is a circle of tents, and thence the streets and avenues branch out, upon which front the remainder of the tents. Many of the tents have small flower gardens in front of them.

In the annual catalogue of the Chauncey Hall School, Boston, the trustees declare that the pupils suffer more from want of proper food than from all other causes combined that come within school-hours. Pastry and confectionery are often the only nourishment upon which pupils rely during the time included in school sessions. Healthful school lunches are a matter worthy the careful consideration of every wise and judicious mother.

A disgraceful riot recently occurred around the Montreal Council Chamber during deliberations in regard to a new by-law providing for compulsory vaccination. The mob was led by French Canadians, who, in their ignorance of science, regard vaccination as wholly obnoxious. The violence and excitement of the populace were so great that the reading of the clauses relating to vaccination was voted to be postponed for six months.

Probably it will produce no good result on the public to mention that on one day last week two persons were burned to death by improperly using kerosene oil. One was a woman in Savannah, Georgia, aged about forty years, the other was a young girl of St. Louis. Both were attempting to kindle a fire with kerosene; in both cases the can exploded; in both cases the victim died from her injuries. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

About the middle of August nearly seven thousand boys and girls had enjoyed the benefits of the Poor Children's Free Excursion Fund, and it was stated that fully twenty thousand were eagerly looking forward to this much-prized holiday. Subscriptions may be sent to Edward King, No. 73 Broadway, or to any of the trustees, as follows: Theodore Roosevelt, 94 Maiden Lane; William Butler Duncan, 11 Nassau Street; Charles H. Marshall, 38 Burling Slip; George W. M'Lean, Stock Exchange.

The accidental poisoning of Mr. Thurlow Weed and his household, with so nearly fatal results, shows how easily a dreadful catastrophe might occur by the careless or ignorant use of poisonous substances. Mr. Weed's family were violently attacked with some complaint resembling cholera one day after their luncheon. The colored waiter was first seized with violent pains, soon after another servant exhibited similar symptoms, and then the daughter was taken ill. Her maid was attacked in the same way before long, and finally Mr. Weed himself was violently ill. Physicians had been summoned, of course, but they were at first puzzled. Investigation showed, however, that the copper tea-kettle had been scoured that day with oxalic acid, and that the kettle was used to boil water for the tea and coffee that were served at luncheon. It was supposed that some of the oxalic acid had been accidentally left in the kettle, just enough to act on the copper in forming a combination of arseniate of copper, a deadly poison. Oxalic acid itself is a poison which should not be used carelessly or ignorantly.

Drowning accidents are very frequent this season. A sad case occurred at Atlantic City a short time ago. A young lady, only seventeen years old, went into the water accompanied by her cousin, a gentleman about forty-five years of age, and several friends. Unfortunately the young girl was induced by a companion to go out too far, and both were caught by the treacherous under-tow and carried beyond reach of immediate help. Her companion, after vain efforts to save her, was forced to make his own way to the shore. When at length the body was recovered, all efforts to resuscitate her were without success.

New hotels are to be built in Philadelphia for the accommodation of Centennial guests; a system of lodgings in private houses has been suggested, which promises to be very convenient; and established hotels in the city will nearly double their present accommodations by leasing rooms in neighboring private houses for the use of their guests. Perhaps no large city in the world has so much house-room in proportion to its population as Philadelphia, and if good arrangements are made, Centennial visitors can be well lodged and fed.

The Treasury Department has commenced the accumulation of silver coin in the vaults of the Sub-Treasury at Boston with a view to substituting the same for the circulation of fractional currency. The vaults of the Treasury in the new Post-office building are located above the main post-office room, and to secure them beyond a chance of danger from the immense load placed there, additional and heavier iron beams are to be placed under the sections upon which these vaults rest.

The threatened prevalence of the small-pox in New York city has been checked by the timely and silent work of the vaccinating corps—a work whose good results are so apparent that their vigilance should not be relaxed. In this connection it may be interesting for our readers to know what arrangements are made for small-pox patients by the city. There is a Reception Hospital at the foot of East Twenty-sixth Street, where they are cared for while waiting for the boat to convey them to Blackwell's Island. In a stone building—Riverside Hospital—at the south end of Blackwell's Island there is room for 54 beds, exclusive of those occupied by attendants, and two wooden pavilions, having together a capacity of 141 beds, so that there is comfortable accommodation for 195 patients. During the warm weather patients have been successfully treated in hospital tents that have been erected. A physician devotes his entire time to the interests of Riverside Hospital, and has several assistants. The domestic department is under the charge of seven Sisters of Charity. The ordinary hospital diet is furnished from Charity Hospital, while extra diet is supplied by the Health Department. Patients who prefer can have separate board by the payment of seven dollars a week. A physician is constantly on duty at the Reception Hospital, and another one attends patients upon the boat during the transit to Blackwell's Island.

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It is quite generally the custom to take strong liver stimulants for the cure of liver complaint, and both the mineral and vegetable kingdoms have been diligently searched to procure the most drastic and poisonous purgatives, in order to produce a powerful effect upon the liver, and arouse the lagging and enfeebled organ. This system of treatment is on the same principle as that of giving a weak and debilitated man large portions of brandy to enable him to do a certain amount of work. When the stimulant is withheld, the organ, like the system, gradually relapses into a more torpid or sluggish and weakened condition than before. What then is wanted? Medicines which, while they cause the bile to flow freely from the liver, as that organ is toned into action, will not overwork and thus debilitate it, but will, when their use is discontinued, leave the liver strengthened and healthy. Such remedies are found in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Purgative Pellets.

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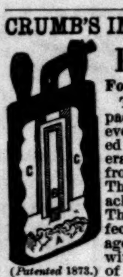

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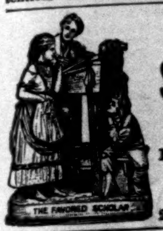

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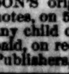

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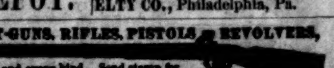

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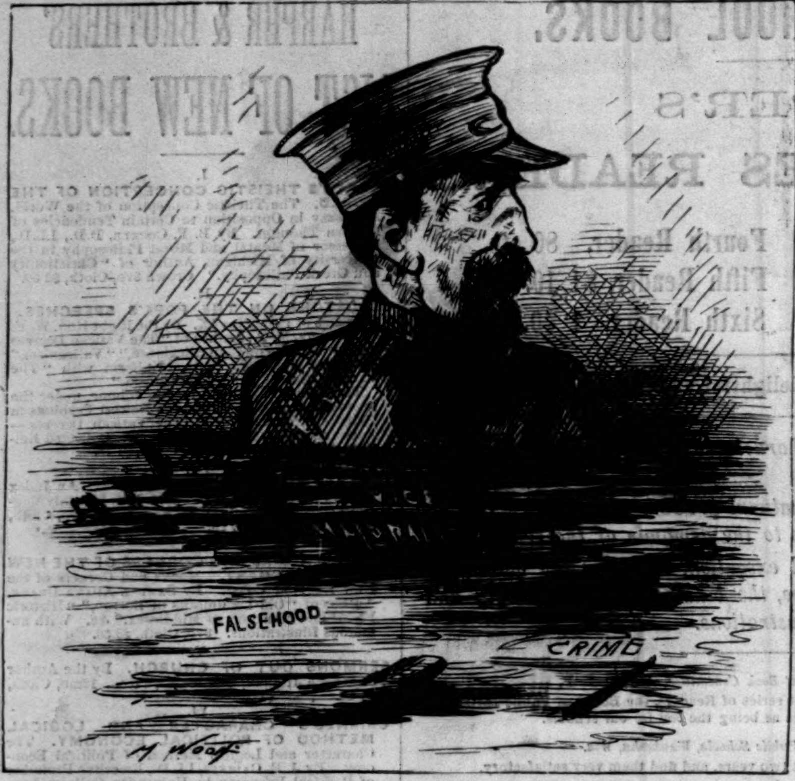

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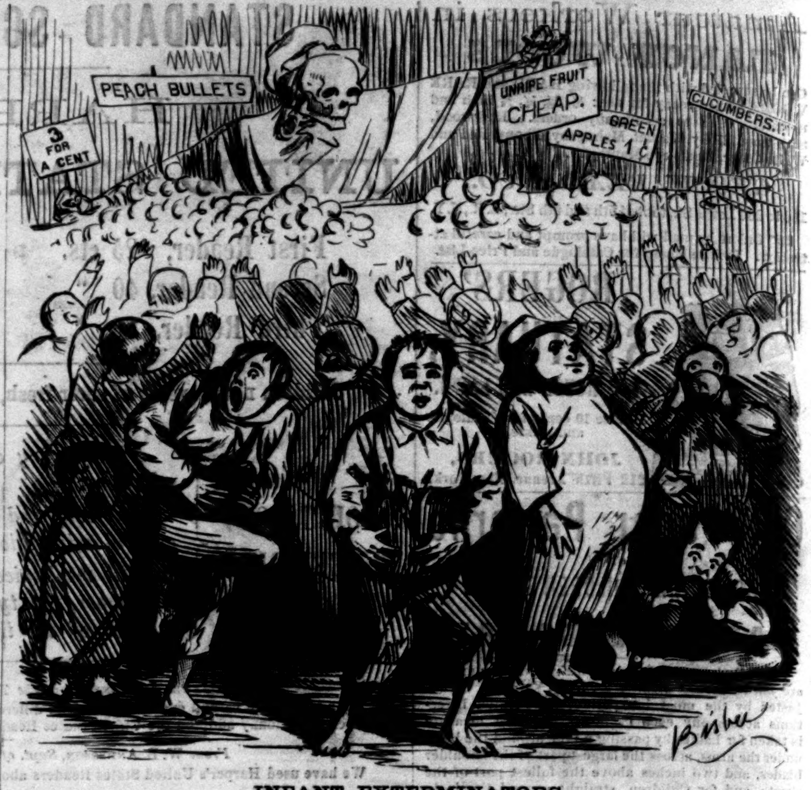

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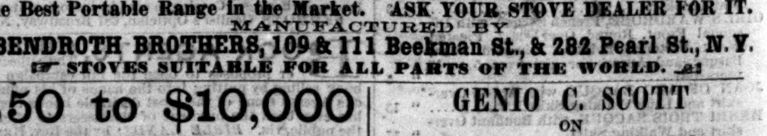

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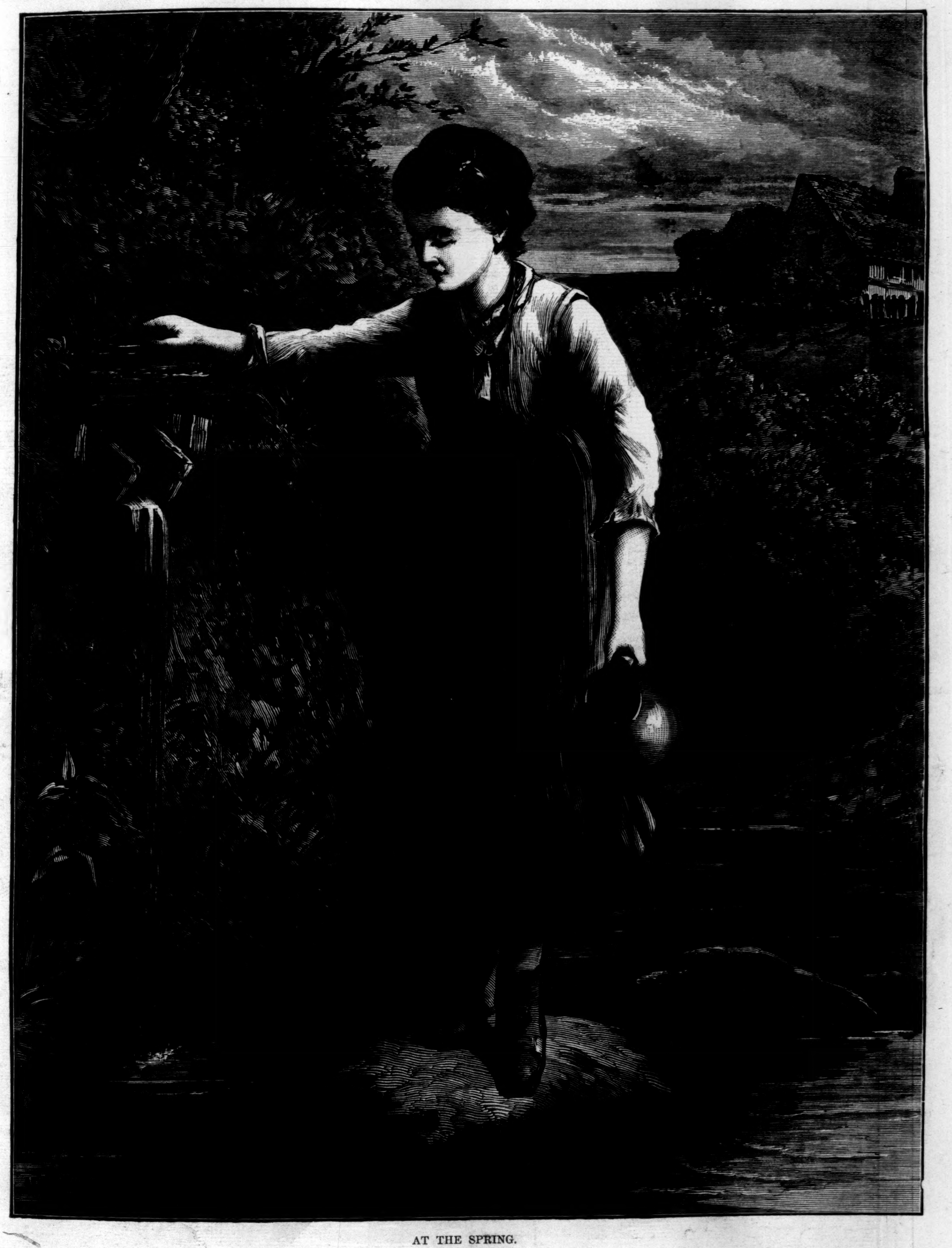


AT THE SPRING.

Low on the meadows the shadows lie,
The sun shines bright in the eastern sky,

And the merry robin begins his lay
To greet the joy of the coming day;

The gentle breath of the summer breeze
Its secret tells to the whispering trees,

And the swelling ears of the tasseled corn
Grow full in the breath of the August morn.

The world in wonderful beauty lies
'Neath the glowing smile of the sunny skies,

When Hannah her pitcher hastes to bring
Where the water drips from the crystal spring.

Her heart is weary, her step is slow,
As she sadly watches its cooling flow.

Once more has the dreary round begun
That is ushered in by each day's sun;

For a weary life has Hannah had,
And her patient face has grown so sad,

Till the radiant joy of a day new born
No echo finds in the heart forlorn.

Against the rock does she sadly lean,
With a drooping head and a helpless mien,

And often the bitter tear-drops rise
In the gloomy depths of the soft dark eyes

As she sadly pauses upon the stone
To think of the days when, not alone,

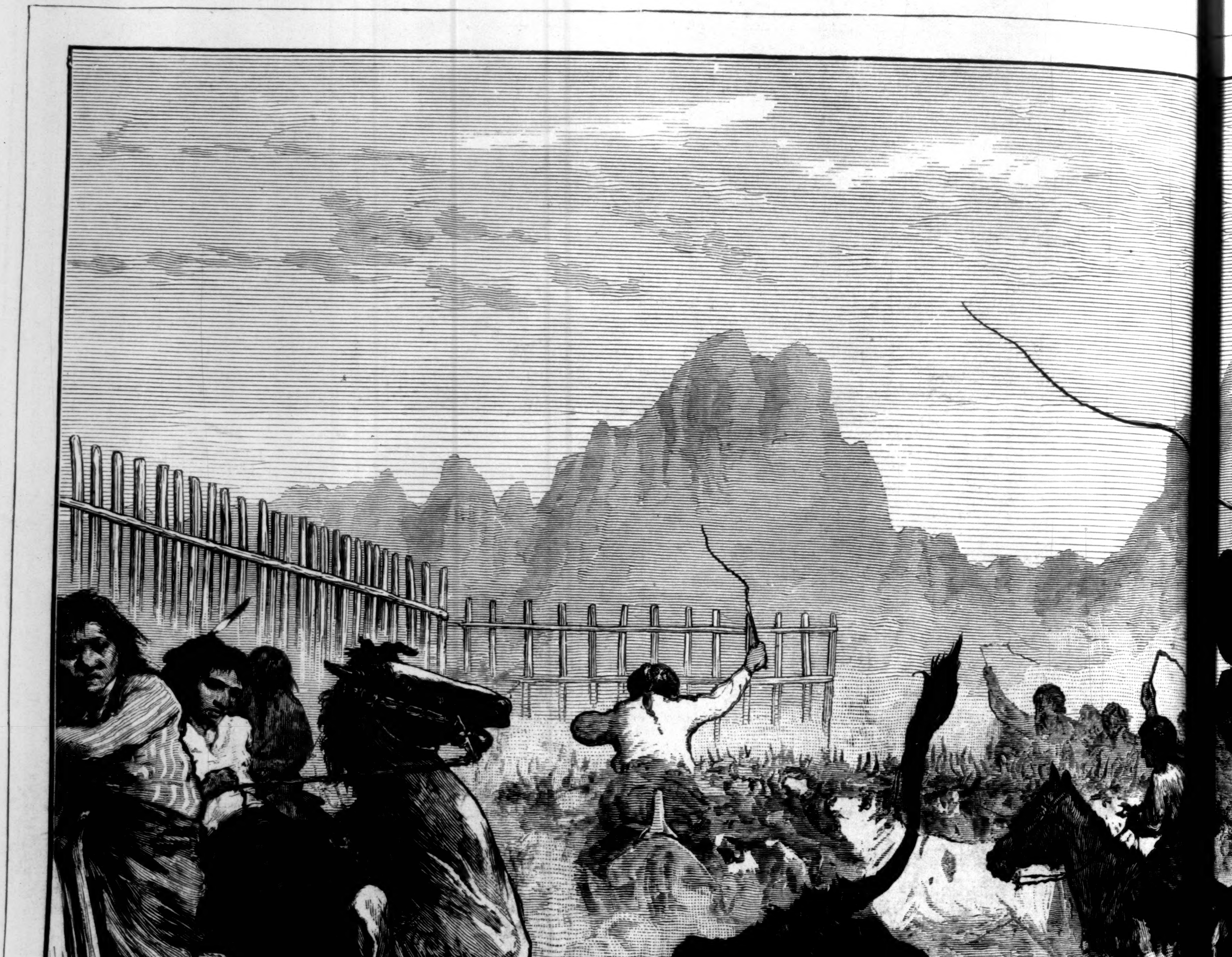
To the flowing spring she would wander down
To fill the pitcher so cracked and brown,

And then to the old house on the farm
It was carried back by a stronger arm.

But down by the hill where the streamlet flows,
There, sad and solemn, a yew-tree grows,

And a stately column of marble tall
Stands pure and white where the shadows fall.

A quiet sleeper lies 'neath the stone,
And Hannah waits by the spring alone.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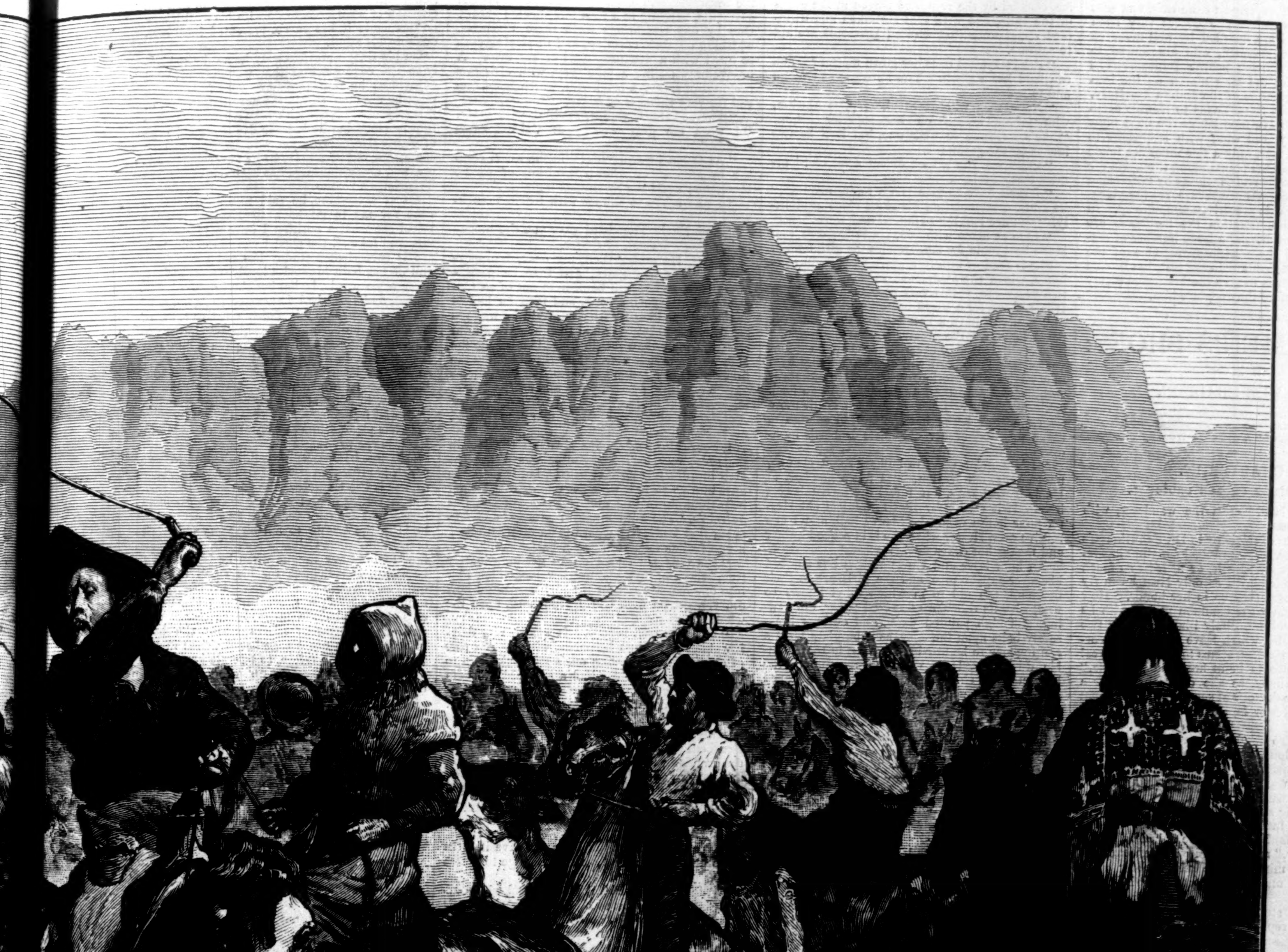

N THE FAR WEST.—[SEE PAGE 752.]